# THE BOOKMAN

## *A LITERARY JOURNAL.*

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## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

We have received, over the signature "Southern Reader," a letter that we have read with great regret. The writer (whose chirography leads us to infer that our correspondent is a lady) accuses us of intentionally omitting to review books written by Southern authors, of "ignoring all histories of the Southern States," and thus of indirectly fostering fanaticism and sectional prejudice. Two books in particular are specifically named in the letter as having been maliciously neglected because the writers are natives of the South.

❀

We repeat that we have read this letter with sincere regret. On its first perusal we could scarcely believe that the writer was in earnest, for her professed belief that any thought such as she attributes to us could ever enter into our minds in connection with our purely literary judgments seemed so monstrous as to be incredible. The tone of the letter, however, makes it plain that the writer is in deadly earnest, and also makes us feel how ineffectual any disclaimer on our part must be. We desire to say, however, as a matter of fact, that some of our most valued reviewers are natives and residents of the Southern States, as are also some of our most cherished friends; and that so far as regards the two books named by our correspondent, one of them was some time ago set apart for reviewing, while the other has not been sent to us by its publishers. We may call her attention also to the fact that in the November number of THE BOOKMAN a history of the United States, written by three Southern scholars in collaboration, was unqualifiedly commended to our readers. There are many who would treat the whole letter in a flippant vein, but this we cannot do; for if the state of mind which it discloses is that of any considerable number of our countrymen in this day and generation, it is little less than a national misfortune.

❀

So many inquiries have come to us concerning the very spirited poem printed in the last BOOKMAN and entitled "England to America," as to make it proper for us to say that its author is Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, an English lady, the sister-in-law of the Marquis of Lansdowne. Her mother was an American, long a resident of New York City, so that she herself writes with a strong feeling of sympathy for American sentiment, while at the same time giving full allegiance to her native country. It is a long while since we have read anything more lofty and sincere in thought and expression than this poem, whose reperusal we commend to every reader of THE BOOKMAN.

❀

Already there is news of a biography of the late George Augustus Sala. Mrs. Sala is busily engaged on a *Life* which will not be ready for many months, but as it will be largely composed of his letters, and as it is known that Mr. Sala was a most pungent letter-writer, we may expect a great literary treat when the book appears.

❀

Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company have issued *The Iron Pirate*, by Max Pemberton, in their cheap paper-covered series. It was by this story and *The Sea Wolves* that Mr. Pemberton made his first reputation in England, and although these books were published in this country by the Messrs. Harper, it was not until *The Impregnable City* and *The Little*

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*Huguenot* appeared during the last year that he attracted attention in America. The success of *The Little Huguenot* has shown his faculty for the historical novel as against the novel of sea adventure, by which he became known at first as an author, and his next long romance will be a story of life in Venice in the Middle Ages. He is also engaged upon a series of stories of life in Paris during the reign of Louis XV. for the *Strand Magazine*.

❀

One of the most notable novels brought out during the month is *A Clever Wife*, by Mr. W. Pett Ridge, and published by the Messrs. Harper. Mr. Pett Ridge belongs to the school of Mr. Anstey, than whom his work has had no more kindly critic. *A Clever Wife* is Mr. Pett Ridge's first novel, but he has already published *Eighteen of Them* (1894) under a pen-name since discarded; a small volume called *Telling Stories*, and a collection of dialogues under the title of *Minor Dialogues*. It was these dialogues, commenced in the *Pall Mall Budget*, which brought his name out from the demure shade of anonymity. Some five years ago, in the time spared from the quiet city berth which he is still disinclined to relinquish, he roamed about London and tried to learn its secrets, whether in Soho, or Limehouse, or Battersea, and his first novel shows how intimate is his knowledge of London life. To Mr. Sidney Low must be ascribed the credit of recognising the qualities of Mr. Pett Ridge's work and of opening hospitably to the stranger the door of journalism. As we go to press his second novel entitled *The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst* is about to be published, and he has other work in hand which may see the light during the year. Mr. Pett Ridge has now the distinction of being a marked man in the world of fiction.

❀

Mr. Gladstone's refusal to write an article for the *Cosmopolitan*, even at the extraordinary rate of a dollar for each word, has naturally excited a good deal of attention. This offer is, we believe, the most liberal ever made by any publisher to an author, except that made by *St. Nicholas* to Tennyson, and accepted by him. Mr. Robert Bonner paid nearly this rate, however, to Dickens for the very feeble story *Hunted Down*, originally published in the *New York Ledger* in 1861. The manuscript contained about 7000 words, and Mr. Bonner paid for it the sum of $5000. Such offers, of course, have no definite relation to the intrinsic value of the work, but are in the nature of advertisements; so that Mr. Walker of the *Cosmopolitan* was much more fortunate than Mr. Bonner; for he has had the full benefit of the advertisement without having to pay out any money except for the five-cent postage-stamp that carried his offer to Mr. Gladstone.

❀

The frivolous chapters which compose *Comedies of Courtship*, just published by the Scribners, were written before Mr. Anthony Hope came to a manly resolution to eschew the short story (we understand that he recently declined an offer of $750 for a short story) and to devote himself seriously to novel-writing. We advise Mr. Hope's admiring readers, who have been somewhat disappointed in his recent books, to withhold their judgment until they have read *Phroso*, which starts as a serial in the current number of *McClure's*.

❀

We learn that as a result of the dramatisation of *The Prisoner of Zenda* Mr. Hope is writing a play in conjunction with Mr. Edward Rose, and that it is nearly completed. "I have always considered the drama," Mr. Hope says, "one of the highest forms of literary art, and am just trying my 'prentice hand upon it." Mr. Hope, however, is not likely to renounce the writing of novels in favour of plays. "I do not think," he says, "I should ever like writing plays so well as novels; I do not find that the dramatic form gives me enough elbow-room; but really I do not think that I ought to say anything about it, as I am only a beginner."

❀

We have seen it confidently stated that the character of Willie Ruston in *The God in the Car* was intended for Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and a bold, clever sketch which appeared in the *Moon*, a Transvaal paper, gave credence to this statement. It was entitled "The God in the Car," and represented Mr. Rhodes sitting in smiling, self-satisfied ease in a jaunty little car drawn by a Kaffir dressed in ragged pantaloons, with a meal-bag arranged as an upper garment.

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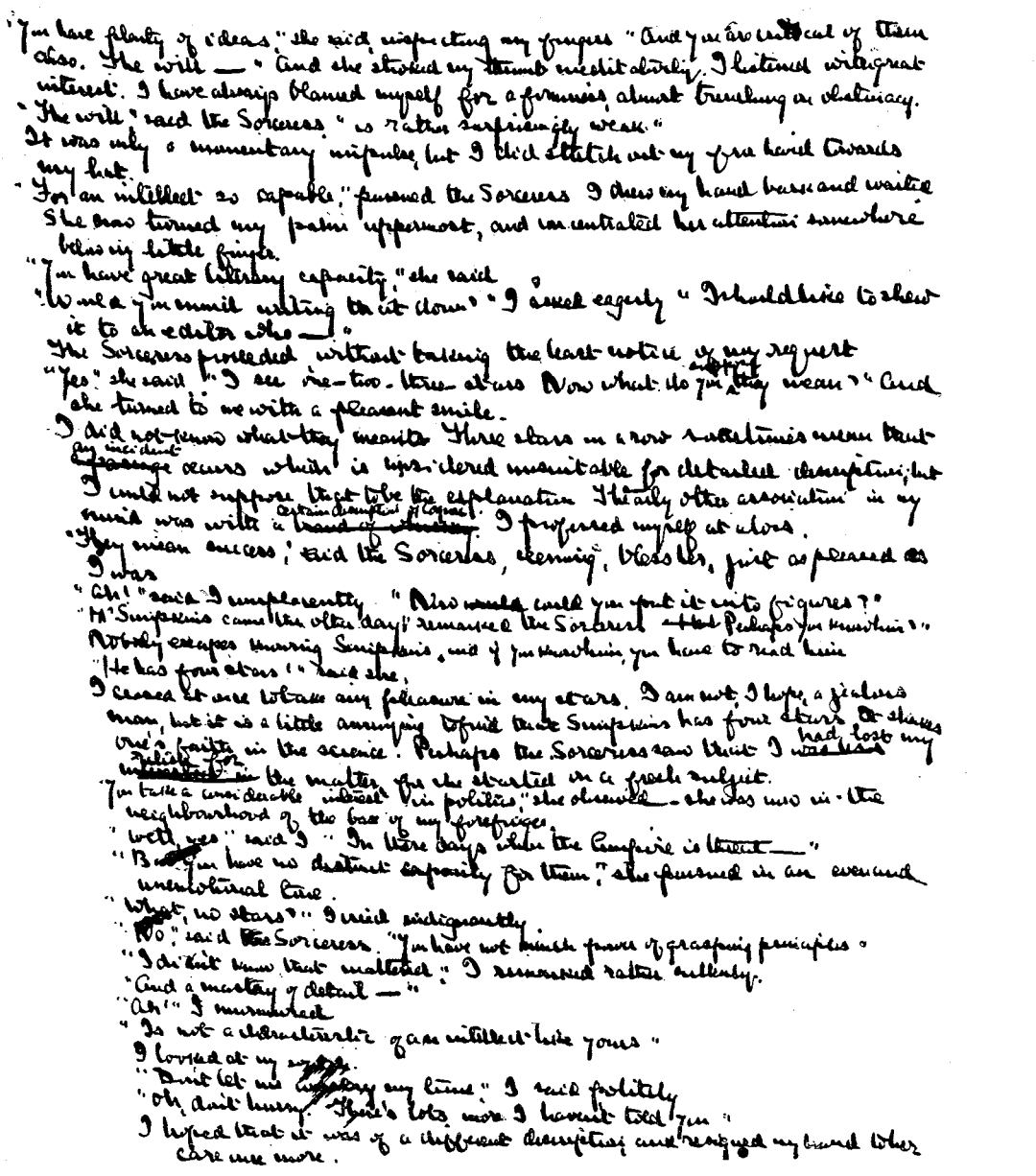

FAC-SIMILE PAGE OF ANTHONY HOPE'S MS.

"Where you going to stop, Baas?" asks he, with a grin. "Oh, trot on, boy. Stop at Cairo," replies the magnificent occupant of the car. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hope states that he has never known Mr. Rhodes, and disclaims having had any thought of the South African statesman in his mind when he wrote the story. People have actually talked about the "hidden tragedy" in Mr. Rhodes's life!

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins is a slight, fair man of about thirty-two, with an easy, affable manner, and is the son of a clergyman—the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street—whose work as one of the liberal-minded, progressive clergy is well known in London. Mr. Hope writes a closely written and tiny but legible hand, the lines on the sheets of manuscript starting about an inch from the

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edge of the paper at the top and descending in a gradual slant to the bottom, as will be seen from the accompanying facsimile of his handwriting. "Just a fad, you know," explains Mr. Hope. "I write everything in that slanting form."

❀

The second poem written by Mr. Alfred Austin since his appointment to the Laureateship appeared lately in the London *Times*. It is a dirge in honour of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, and is a vast improvement upon most of Mr. Austin's verse. Some of its lines are really very stately; but if it is not impertinent of us, we should like to ask Mr. Austin to pause in his poetising and expound to us a linguistic problem. In the second stanza occurs the following:

"Who would not die for England?" Thus he said
Who at the holiest of all English hearths,
The holiest and highest, had been given
A seat.

In view of the fact that we have done something in our modest way to make Mr. Austin's name known in America, will he not kindly waft across the sea an explanation of just how he construes the word "seat" in the above? When this explanation shall have been received we will communicate it in confidence to Mr. Dana of the *Sun*.

❀

It is peculiarly unfortunate for Mr. Austin, just as people were beginning to be reconciled to his appointment on the ground that it was, after all, a rather amusing though somewhat irreverent joke, that Mr. William Watson should have given out his splendid series of sonnets, which, under the collective title of *The Purple East*, have lately been published by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Watson's greatest fault heretofore has been a certain excess of restraint, which has seemed at times to degenerate into tameness; and hence these sonnets are a revelation even to his oldest admirers. The fire and passion of them are simply astonishing, and the swift, nervous sweep of some of the lines carries one away; while their noble indignation thrills the most cold-blooded critic in his own despite. We learn that in England these poems have been seized upon by the people with an eagerness unknown in many years, and we can well believe it, for they voice a feeling that leaps beyond all considerations of State policy and smug diplomacy, and that will at last force the hands of cabinets and councils. When this has been accomplished, Mr. Watson may be found to have done more for Armenia than the whole Foreign Office together. Some months ago, in estimating the claims of England's poets to succeed Tennyson, we hesitated long between Mr. Watson and Mr. Kipling; but these wonderful sonnets—the finest that England has seen since Wordsworth's time—have made the matter clear; for there is now no doubt that Mr. Watson is the greatest living English poet. Yet, as we remarked above, all this is bad for Mr. Austin, since it emphasises anew the unfitness of his appointment, by revealing the splendid genius of the man who was thrust aside to make a place for him.

❀

The writer once knew a Scotch lad in Glasgow, some fifteen years ago, who used to lay by twopence every week out of the meagre dole he received as office-boy to purchase *The People's Friend* and the *Detroit Free Press*. The former, we remember, used to arrive on Mondays and the latter on Saturdays. The special attraction in the *Free Press* was a humorous and entertaining column signed by "Luke Sharp;" and surely it is a good test of the work of this writer that the boy, since grown to manhood, relished it then as keenly as he does now when it bears the signature of "Robert Barr." It was in 1881 that Mr. Barr was deputed to carry the *Detroit Free Press* across the Atlantic and graft it on English soil. Since then he has lived for the most part in London or in its suburbs, where his irresistible good humour and genial *camaraderie* have gained for him many warm friends among the writers of the day. He has shared chambers with Rudyard Kipling, who considers Mr. Barr's *In the Midst of Alarms* to be one of the most American books he has ever read; and in a great measure the *Idler* in its palmy days owed its success to his enterprise. This popular magazine was built up by the joint efforts of Mr. Barr and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, but since Mr. Barr left it some months ago to devote himself entirely to the writing of books, it has lost its peculiar savour. Little did that boy who used to find such delight in "Luke Sharp's" fun and frolic imag-

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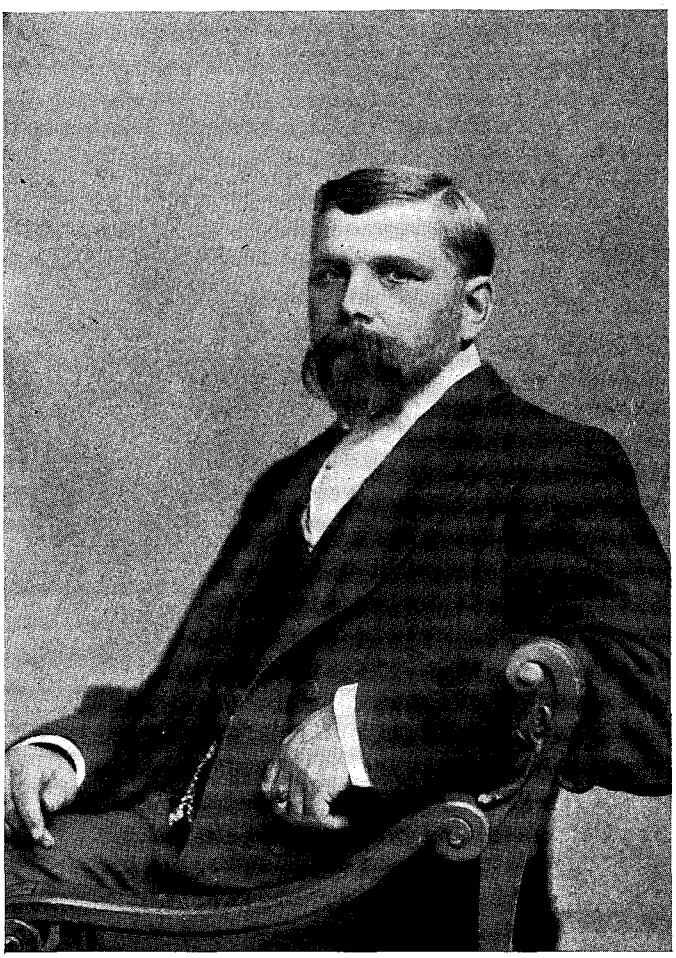
ine that one day he should find himself addressed by him as "my dear relative"!

❀

Mr. Robert Barr, whose new novel, *A Woman Intervenes*, has just been published by the Messrs. Stokes, was born in Glasgow some forty years ago, and when only four years old was taken to Canada. He grew up to the trade of a carpenter, and with ripening aspirations fitted himself to become a teacher. Tiring of this vocation, or rather passing through this period of training, he entered the ranks of journalism, and began his acquaintance with American life on the editorial staff of the *Detroit Free Press*. Here he found congenial occupation for his groping talents, and very soon he became known far and wide by his sketches written over the *nom de guerre* of "Luke Sharp." And now he is able to write "novelist" after his name with distinction.



Ever Yours Robert Barr

❀

We have been scanning for the past six weeks the various publications and paragraphs called forth by the Roentgen photography, and as the result of our reading we feel called upon to express our personal opinion that the feats of the cathode ray in penetrating substances formerly regarded as opaque are as nothing when compared to the way in which it has succeeded in piercing the dense obscurity that had heretofore baffled innumerable electricians all over the country in their heroic efforts to get their names into the papers.

❀

A correspondent in Minneapolis writes: "Seeing the letter of Mr. Anthony Hope in the February BOOKMAN, I take the liberty of sending you an extract from a letter which I received from Mr. S. R. Crockett, dated December 29th, 1895." The extract has reference to *A Galloway Herd*, published last summer by Messrs. R. F. Fenno and Company, of this city, and is as follows:

"I have been dreadfully annoyed by the republication, from old numbers of a religious periodical, of my boyish story called *A Galloway Herd*. I should be obliged to you if you would state on my authority that the book was pirated and printed without my knowledge and against my will. The book was written many years ago from week to week, simply to fill space in a paper to which I had to contribute a certain number of columns. It was my first work of the kind, and certainly never intended for book publication. I should be deeply obliged if through the press you could make this well known, for the matter has grieved me deeply."

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As this firm has been responsible in no very reputable fashion for the republication in book form of stories raked out from old magazines and periodicals, or published as tentative works by writers since become more or less far famed, but then in their apprenticeship, it seems only fair to a confiding public to acquaint them with a simple statement of facts concerning these productions. *The Mystery of Cloomber*, by Conan Doyle, and *A Son of Hagar*, by Hall Caine, issued with Messrs. Fenno's imprint a year ago, originally appeared in 1888 and 1886 respectively. *Strange Secrets*, bearing on the cover the name *only* of Conan Doyle, contained, among a collection of stories, *one* short story by Dr. Doyle, much to the chagrin of the author, whose name was used to give popular currency to a lot of commonplace tales. Mr. Stanley Weyman is also likely to be enraged by the publication of a little story, just issued by Messrs. Fenno, entitled *A Little Wizard*.

❀

The same firm prepared popular and cheap editions of Mr. Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls* and *A Window in Thrums* during the holidays, with "illustrations by William Hole, R.S.A." These illustrations were made from photographic impressions of the original etchings in the *éditions de luxe* of these books, imported at great expense by other American publishers; indeed, *Auld Licht Idylls* with Hole's etchings was only brought to this country about six months ago. We need scarcely add that this was done without permission or acknowledgment, and in printing the copyright notice on the title-page, Messrs. Fenno did not even think it necessary to change the dates in the original editions. What is to be deprecated above all in the conduct of these publishers is that they have led both booksellers and bookreaders through representation, of which there is abundant evidence in their advertisements, if nowhere else, to believe that these publications are to be received as new works. But the facts speak louder than any comment of ours on their reprehensible action.

❀

In the case of Messrs. Platt, Bruce and Company, who have been attacked by Mr. Weyman and Mr. Hope for the unauthorised publication of certain stories of theirs collected under the titles *The King's Stratagem* and *Frivolous Cupid*, a new and interesting element is introduced into international literary affairs. The publishers claim that Mr. Weyman's stories were bought in good faith from a responsible agent in London, and that they have begun an investigation, and will prosecute the agent, if found to be in default. Meantime, they have offered to make terms with the author which shall be accounted satisfactory by a third party. Mr. Hope's stories were also purchased from a responsible agent, this time in New York, and two weeks before the publication of the book the publishers wrote to Mr. Hope acquainting him with the deal. That they are perfectly sincere in the explanation of their position is vouched for by the fact that they have thrown open their correspondence upon these transactions for inspection. It is unfortunate that they should have met with these misadventures at the outset of their career; and while we cannot but feel sorry for them, it seems to us that a little more inquiry would have uncovered the guile of the "wicked" literary agent.

❀

Mrs. Wynne would seem to have begun her literary career auspiciously; her first volume, *The Little Room and other Stories*, published at the beginning of the year, now being in its second thousand, and the publishers say that the demand for the book shows a steady increase.

❀

Messrs. Way and Williams, the publishers of Mrs. Wynne's stories, have in the press a sonnet sequence composed of forty-nine sonnets, entitled *The Lamp of Gold*, by Miss Florence L. Snow; also a collection of tales of Western life under the title *A Mountain Woman*, by Elia W. Peattie, an editorial writer on the Omaha *World-Herald*, who is well known in the Middle-West States as an accomplished writer. One of these stories appeared some years ago in the *Cosmopolitan*. "Jim Lancy's Waterloo," as we remember it, was a powerful bit of realism, and was remarkable enough to stimulate our interest in more of this author's work. This firm is to be com-

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mended on their laudable plan of hunting up and reprinting the work which has been produced by some able young writers during the last few years in America. Most of it no doubt is ephemeral, but much deserves a chance of conditional immortality at least in book form.

❀

Mr. Barrie's new play will probably be produced at the Garrick Theatre in London next autumn by Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery. Mr. E. S. Willard, who made a success of the same author's *Professor's Love Story*, did not like the part assigned him in the new play, and is to present instead one which Henry Arthur Jones is writing for him, and which is said to be of a lighter character than his more recent productions.

❀

Sarah Grand has quite recovered her health, and is to be met with frequently at London evening parties, where she is always introduced as "Madame Sarah Grand," although her real name, Mrs. Haldane McFall, is now well known.

❀

The comments which appeared in our columns in the February BOOKMAN upon Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's novel, *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, now in its sixth edition, have brought us a number of inquiries about the author. Mr. Ford was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1865, and on his mother's side is a great-grandson of Noah Webster. Except for six weeks in a kindergarten, he never received any regular education, owing to ill health, but roaming at large in his father's library—one of the largest private libraries in this country—he went through what Carlyle has said is the best university for a young man—the college of books. With the help of a large printing outfit he learned how to write, spell, and punctuate, and became an expert compositor. In 1876 he partly set up a revised edition of Noah Webster's *Webster Genealogy*, and his name appeared on the title-page as the editor. Since then he has edited pamphlets and books without number almost wholly related to American historiography, the most important of which is perhaps *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*. He has travelled in Europe, Newfoundland, South America, California, and the West Indies. He is an active political worker in his ward, and holds or has held official positions in the New England Society, the Hamilton Club, the New York Library Club, and the Tree-Planting and Fountain Society. During his researches he has worked in nearly every library of importance in America and Europe.

❀

As an instance of his enterprise and foresight we may say that his work, *Pamphlets on the Constitution, Published during the Discussion by the People 1787–1788*, which is a recognised authority

Paul Leicester Ford

on all historico-constitutional questions, was refused by three New York publishers, in consequence of which he published the book himself, and made $1600 from it, besides an additional $150, recently paid him for permission to republish a part. He is now editing an interesting series of reprints of early American books, to be issued in a limited edition with numerous facsimiles of the original title-pages and illustrations, etc. *The New Englana Primer* and Weems's *Life of Washington*

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ELEONORA DUSE AS "MAGDA"

From a copyrighted photograph by Aimée Dupont, New York.

are to be the first two books of this series. The writing of *The Honourable Peter Stirling* was taken up by Mr. Ford as recreation from his historical work, and the character of the hero is an attempt to blend in one man the qualities which from a close study of American politics he considers to be essential to political success in this country.

❀

Mr. Thomas Hardy has been introducing Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who is to take the part of "Tess" in the forthcoming dramatisation of his novel, to the little world of Dorchester. Mrs. Campbell is anxious to master the real "Dosset" dialect and to familiarise herself with the background of the novel. About seven miles from Dorchester, in the neighbourhood of Wool, is said to be the dairy farm where Tess Durbeyfield and Angel Clare lived their pastoral life among the "impassioned, sun-flushed, summer-saturated heathen," which ended in their idyllic wooing.

❀

The latest University to open its doors to women is the University of Athens. Five women were enrolled for the winter term, not without violent objection from some of the students. It was, in fact, with difficulty that the authorities could restore order.

❀

On March 2d Eleonora Duse made her first appearance in this country in the character of Sudermann's "Magda," in *Heimat*, and convinced the audience by her genuine art and terrible sincerity in the presentation of a study of actual life rather than an impersonation, her superiority to Sarah Bernhardt in the same rôle. So true to life, so vivid in portraiture, and so realistic was her acting that from the moment the great actress came on the stage one was kept in infinite suspense until the tragic end was reached. Such acting as Duse's cannot be analysed; it is too elusive, and can only be accounted for by her wonderful personality, which charges the play with all its force and vitality. But one notices that her acting is imbued with an air of simplicity and sincerity which is terrible to behold, and instead of theatricalism she constantly impresses you with an indescribable stateliness and dignity. A better exponent Sudermann could not have than Duse, for as he is as profound a student of the eternal Woman as George Meredith himself, and seems positively incapable of producing anything in petticoats devoid of character, so Eleonora Duse represents woman upon the stage in a more

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womanly way than she has ever been; indeed, there are critics who go further and maintain that until Duse's appearance, woman has never been faithfully represented upon the stage.

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Almost simultaneously with the reproduction of *Heimat* (Magda) upon the stage appeared a version of Sudermann's play from the press of Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company. The theme, a favourite one with Sudermann, is disagreement between the individual and the family, the strife between the old and the new order of things, with the problem of repentance and reparation leading the swift tragedy to a tremendous climax. Duse, in her interpretation of Magda, does not always follow the text, but treats it in the same independent manner with which she adapts all her parts. Herr Sudermann's reputation as a novelist and dramatist of original genius, already established on the Continent, is daily on the increase in England and America, and when his *Frau Sorge*, his first novel, *Der Katzensteg*, and *Es War* are translated into English, his popular sway will be greatly augmented and his genius more widely recognised. His *Es War* stands in the same category as *Anna Karénina*, and may be safely described as Sudermann's masterpiece, for although he is still comparatively young, it is hardly conceivable that he will do anything better. In *Das Glück im Winkel* (Love in a Groove), produced for the first time at Vienna last November and recently in London, Sudermann varies the theme by portraying not the revolt of a daughter, but of a wife, and the play is said to surpass anything he has yet written for the stage. Combined with his admirable art and fine literary workmanship, the secret of Sudermann's success lies in his noble, single-hearted sincerity, directness of purpose, and amazing insight into the character of woman. He is a most fascinating personality; fair-haired and blue-eyed, he resembles a hero out of a Wagnerian drama.

❀

The catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris proceeds slowly, though for more than twenty-five years the whole force at the library has been engaged in this enormous work. It is not expected to be ready sooner than the year 1900.

Professor B. W. Wells's edition of *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* will be welcomed by all the lovers of what is best in France's nineteenth century dramatic

HERMANN SUDERMANN.

production. The introduction is excellent, and most of the notes to the point. Mistakes occur here and there, however, and one notably which shows the professor to be the reverse of an epicure, a sad state of things for an interpreter of French literature. He gives as the equivalent of the French *barbue* "sole, a sea fish." Now the *barbue* and the sole are two very different fishes; a *filet de sole*, a *sole frite*, a *sole au vin blanc*, a *sole colbert* are much more delicate dishes than any that can be prepared with the commoner *barbue*, a fish of the turbot family, the English name of which is, if we mistake not, the *brill*. Professor Wells may be the head, but he is assuredly not, or ought not to be, the *chef* of his department. Another painful error relates to the French victory of Fontenoy, which the professor declares was won over the Austrians and Dutch. What becomes then of the famous "*Messieurs les Anglais, tirez les premiers*"? It is the British, commanded

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by the Duke of Cumberland, who were defeated on May 11th, 1745, although they may not like to remember it.

❀

Unless we are greatly mistaken, the American people are about ready for a new popular song, not one that will be heard fitfully here and there, but one that will ravage the entire population. Since *Daisy Bell* was laid to rest a little over a year ago, there has been a sort of interregnum during which the country has recuperated its stock of patience. In that period a good many rather haunting airs have sprung up, but they all seem to have just missed the mark, or else perhaps the psychological moment had not yet arrived, so that they secured only a local and partial success. We half expected to see *Two Little Girls in Blue* come into its own, but it didn't; and *Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down her Back* and *Only One Girl in this World for Me* also fell a little short of universal adoption. It may be that *The Sunshine of Paradise Alley* is the coming favourite, for it seems to us to be more and more audible in the streets; and it has every possible characteristic of a popular lyric.

❀

We have a half-formulated theory that, as a general rule, it is only songs with a purely legato movement that appeal very strongly to the *πολλοί*; for, running over the list of those that are now consigned to oblivion, we can recall only one whose rendition was necessarily staccato, and this was *Shoo Fly*, much of whose success was due to the preposterous absurdity of the words.

❀

Some inexperienced person may ask how one can accurately distinguish between the absolute and the relative success of a popular song. We don't know how the scientists do it, but we are willing to disclose our own personal test. To us it is not enough that a song should be played by the peripatetic bands, and warbled in the variety shows, and sung by the Every-Day Young Man. These things merely show popularity, and are not the supreme test. But when we casually meet six consecutive district messenger boys, and find them all busily whistling the selfsame air, then we know that this air has actually bewitched the populace, and has already swept forth on its career of national devastation.

The most interesting book of the coming season will undoubtedly be *The Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company expect to publish in the spring. Mr. Morse, the well-known biographer and editor of the American Statesmen Series, is the author, and has nearly completed his important work, which is said to be peculiarly rich in letters that are as attractive and characteristic as anything Dr. Holmes ever wrote. Mr. Morse has enjoyed the hearty concurrence and aid of Dr. Holmes's family in the execution of his task.

❀

Some years ago we recall a writer describing Charles Lever as "perhaps the only living novelist of whom it may be said that he is never dull," and Andrew Lang, who is seldom ignobly fallible in his enthusiasms, in his *Essays in Little* says that Lever lived in an age so full of great novelists that perhaps he is not prized as he should be. So when we turn back and read him once more, we see that Lever, too, was a worthy member of that famous company which included Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, Trollope, and George Eliot—he was a born romancer, a romancer for boys and men. Good cause is there then to welcome the new, complete, and uniform library edition of his works which Messrs. Little, Brown and Company are issuing by subscription. Mr. Lang himself writes an introduction for this edition, and besides 250 etched plates by Phiz, Cruikshank, and other artists, it contains nearly 400 illustrations in the text. There are forty volumes, octavo cloth uncut, price $2.50 per volume, printed in the finest manner upon paper of extra finish. The edition, which is a handsome accession to the choice standard works of popular authors issued by this firm with such success, will be limited to 1250 numbered sets.

❀

Mr. Benjamin Kidd's *Social Evolution* has been translated into German by E. Pfleiderer, and is reviewed at length in a recent number of *Die Hilfe*. The editor prefixes a curious note to the review. He says that he fears it will prove a very stiff task to his readers, but advises them to study it carefully twice, when it will become clear to their minds.

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"A man of Kent" in Newark, N. J., writes us with reference to Mrs. Oliphant's use of the name "Thrums" prior to Mr. Barrie, and wishes to know if it has any applicability to a certain locality, as Barrie's Thrums has to Kirriemuir, N. B. This we have no means of knowing. He gives some interesting extracts from a letter written by his mother, who when young lived near Kirriemuir and knew it well:

"I never saw the word 'thrums' written till I saw Barrie's book. How often when a youngster I have gone into a weaver's shop, and asked for a handful of thrums! They were linen threads from half a yard to a yard and a half long, and tied up in bunches. I think when a web is finished it is what is left of the warp. My brothers made twine of them for their kites."

Carlyle, our correspondent informs us, uses the word twice in *Sartor Resartus*, to signify broken threads. But it is not, he points out, a word indigenous to North Britain, for in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Shakespeare makes Mrs. Page say, "And there's her thrum'd hat," meaning, as the foot-note explains, "a hat composed of the weaver's tufts or thrums."

❀

We understand that Mr. Rudyard Kipling intends by-and-bye to take up his permanent residence in England.

❀

*Marriage*, the new play recently presented at the Empire Theatre, deserves much of the praise bestowed by the critics, especially as regards diction and general literary quality. But the audience might well complain that the rôle played by Miss Viola Allen, the leading lady, does not admit of the fine effects which are always expected from her. The character is an obstinately unattractive one—that of a fretful wife, constantly complaining, perpetually drizzling tears, and jealous without dignity—which apparently resists the most intelligent attempts at alteration or even alleviation. For an artist of Miss Allen's ability to play such a part seems a desecration of fineness, like devoting a Damascus blade to domestic uses.

❀

Recognition of the excellence of Miss Allen's art is now general and growing. By the fine work done in *The Masqueraders* last season she added to the reputation won in *Sowing the Wind* during the previous winter. The last remains, however, her most notable success. For it was through an exceedingly strong and exquisitely sympathetic interpretation of the central character of that powerful though morbid drama that she won

VIOLA ALLEN.

her way from the front ranks of the profession to a place in advance of the other younger American actresses. And it is hard, in view of the length of time during which Miss Allen has been favourably known, to realise how young she really is. That she supported McCullough, has starred with Jefferson, and played the leading parts in one of the best stock companies for several years would seem to indicate maturity at least. But the truth is, she was "born on the stage," as the phrase goes, and, being the daughter of an actor, made her *début* when no more than a child. When playing with McCullough and Jefferson she was still a school-girl in private life. So that in her case success not only stands upon a solid, slowly built foundation, but has come while youth promises greater possibilities.

❀

Ten years ago Mr. William T. Hornaday related his experiences as a hunter-

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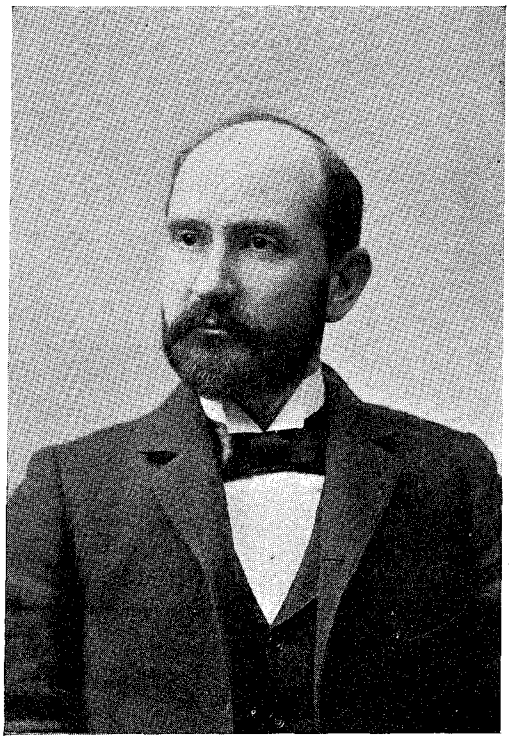
naturalist in India, Ceylon, the Malay peninsula, and Borneo, in a book called *Two Years in the Jungle*, published by the Messrs. Scribner, which went through



WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

several editions. Mr. Hornaday has just issued, through the Peter Paul Book Company, of Buffalo, another volume which further contributes to our knowledge of the Dyaks of Borneo, but this time in the pleasant form of fiction. The secret of the success of his book of travel lies in the telling of a good story with simplicity and *bonhommie* and a refreshing absence of "fine writing;" and in *The Man who became a Savage* the same qualities bring piquancy and freshness to the reader. The story centres around the "man who became a savage," Mr. Jeremiah Rock, who, disgusted with civilisation, "sells out" and goes to Borneo, where he has a "large" time with the natives. As an antidote to much of the fiction of the day, which induces morbidness, introspection, and an unhappy pessimism, we could not prescribe a better book of the moment than Mr. Hornaday's *The Man who Became a Savage*. We should hesitate to call it literature, and perhaps, to quote himself, "like many other men, he would scorn to be called a journalist, but would glory in the newly created title of 'newspaper man.'" But his work is pervaded with the better qualities of the newspaper man; it is breezy, graphic, piquant; his descriptions are animated and vivacious, and the characterisation is shrewd, humorous, and veracious. Some of the illustrations are rather amusing; for example, that facing page 140.

❀

Mr. William Canton, whose charming book, *The Invisible Playmate*, has been so enthusiastically received, both in England and America, and is noticed in this number, has another volume of a similar kind in the press. It will be entitled *W. V.: Her Book and Other Verses*, and will be published in the spring.

❀

Mr. George Moore's new novel, on which he is at present engaged, will probably be entitled *Evelyn Innes*.

❀

Messrs. Hutchinson and Company will publish shortly a new book by Marie Corelli, under the title of *The Mighty Atom*.

❀

A critical correspondent (most of our correspondents are critical) writes to ask how we can justify our recent note on Albert Chevalier, remembering that THE BOOKMAN is a literary journal. We are not particularly concerned to justify it. We regard this department of Chronicle and Comment as especially intended to enable us to chat with our readers, and we feel a joyous irresponsibility in our choice of subjects, bringing up whatever happens to interest us at the moment. Therefore we consider ourselves quite free to discourse on any possible topic, from the theory of the Fourth Dimension to the advent of Connecticut River shad. But if we saw any need of justifying our mention of Mr. Chevalier, we should say his coster songs are his own compositions, and their Whitechapel dialect is, at any rate, just as much literature as the Dutch dialect, and Yankee dialect, and negro dialect, and Hoosier dialect with which the magazine writers have been boring the patient American public lo! these many

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years. Moreover, Mr. Chevalier is about to appear formally in the rôle of an author, being now occupied in the preparation of a collection of sketches to be called *The Uninitiated*. We present our compliments to our critical but highly esteemed correspondent.

❀

Messrs. Appleton and Company will publish shortly a new story by Miss F. F. Montrésor, entitled *False Coin or True*. It is a little longer than *The One Who Looked On*, but will be bound in uniform style. The same firm announces a new novel entitled *The Reds of the Midi*: an episode of the French Revolution, by Félix Gras, with an introduction by Thomas A. Janvier; *The Madonna of a Day*, by L. Dougall, whom we prefer to know, among all her subsequent books, as the author of *Beggars All*; Mr. Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty*, which has been appearing as a serial in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and Mrs. Cotes' (Sara Jeannette Duncan) *His Honour and a Lady*, which has been also serially running in *The Pall Mall Magazine*. An event of some literary importance will be the publication shortly by this house of a new volume of poems by Rudyard Kipling.

❀

*The Outcast of the Land* is the title of the new book by Joseph Conrad, the author of that powerfully written novel, *Almayer's Folly*, published last summer by the Macmillans. The scenery is the same as in Mr. Conrad's previous work, the local colouring being that of Borneo and the Malay Peninsula, but the author takes his characters back to early periods of their lives. Readers who have seen the story say it will enhance the popularity of the author. Messrs. Appleton will publish the new novel.

❀

The Messrs. Appleton are also about to publish a new book by Miss Kate Sanborn, with the title *My Literary Zoo*, giving an account of the pets of famous persons, as she says, "from Homer to Bernhardt."

❀

*The Land of Sunshine* is a magazine that has only begun to reach our table, although it is now in its fourth volume. It is published monthly at Los Angeles, Cal., and is very effectively edited by Mr. Charles F. Lummis. It is quite Californian in the subjects of its articles and in the finely executed illustrations, of which it has a goodly number; and we should think that those who have made the pilgrimage to the land of eternal summer would value it as a pleasant reminiscence of that delightful country. The editorial notes are written with unusual force and point, and we are glad to see among them some sharp criticism of the many typographical errors that have lately marred the mechanical perfection of our contemporary, the *Chap Book*.

❀

Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie has just completed the new book upon which he has been engaged for some time, to be called *Essays on Nature and Culture*, in which the author endeavours to trace those analogies between the methods of human life which seem to give us suggestions for the best conduct of life. A companion volume, to be entitled *Essays on Books and Culture*, based on his articles that have appeared in THE BOOKMAN, will be published in the autumn.

❀

The Rev. John Watson, M.A., of Liverpool, better known in this country as Ian Maclaren, will arrive in America in September, in order to deliver the Yale Lectures on preaching. It will be remembered that among British clergymen who have undertaken this service have been Dr. Dale, Dr. Stalker, and Dr. Horton. By the way, it will be quite proper now to say "Dr. Watson," as he has just had the degree of D.D. conferred upon him by the Scottish University of St. Andrews. American papers have almost universally been in the habit of paying him this honour since his name came into vogue, so that it will scarcely be an innovation.

❀

In view of the rather ominous look of the nation's attitude toward Spain, we recommend to our readers the perusal of Mr. Park Benjamin's clever bit of prophetic history, published a decade ago, and entitled *The End of New York*. Happily the American navy is not to-day in quite so inefficient a state as it was when this sketch was written.

❀

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company will publish shortly a translation of Édouard Rod's novel, *The White Rocks*,

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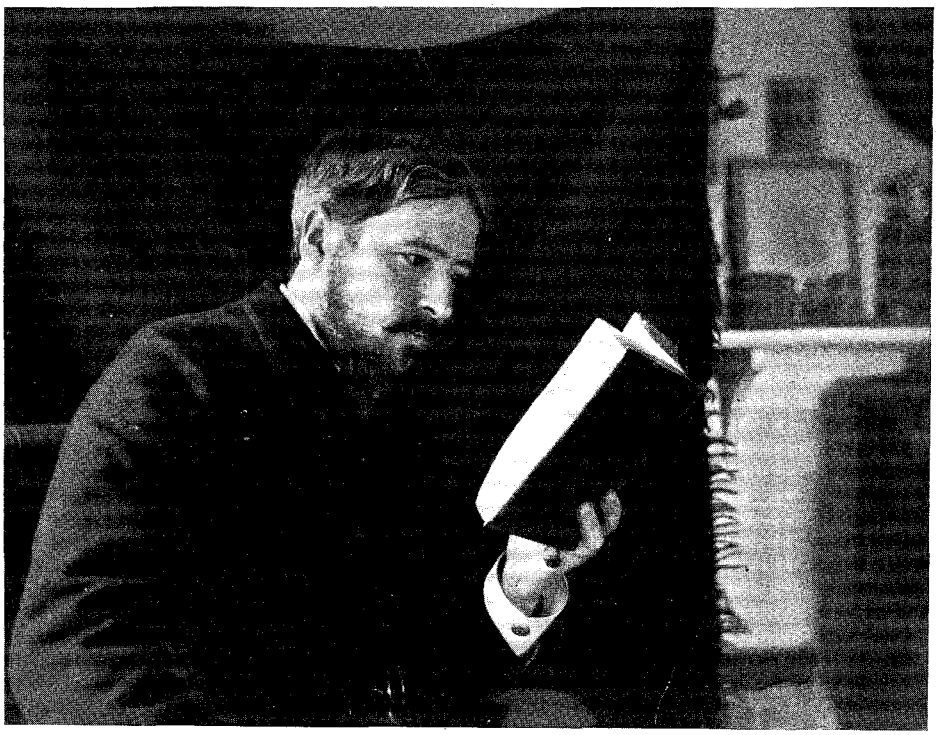
and also a novel of society life in Stockholm entitled *Camilla*, from the Swedish and Danish of Richert Von Koch. We understand that there has been an increased demand recently for *Metzerott Shoemaker*, by Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, published by this firm a few years ago, and now in its fifth thousand. When *Metzerott* first appeared it made a powerful impression, and we should be glad to see a quickened interest taken again in one of the most remarkable novels of American life that has ever been published, and which has not unwarrantably been compared to Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*.



GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

❀

Thomas Nelson Page has just completed a play founded upon his story, *Polly ;* and it is not unlikely that it may be produced during the coming season at a Broadway theatre.

❀

Much interest has naturally been felt in the production of Mr. Walter Damrosch's American opera, *The Scarlet Letter* (based on Hawthorne's novel), in this city on March 6th, with a libretto by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop. In our opinion the literary side of this opera has been a positive success, and its musical side only a *succès d'estime*. Mr. Lathrop's dramatic adaptation of Hawthorne's story has an excellence unusual in such work ; and whatever becomes of the music, the book is one that must be regarded as having some permanent literary value. Recognising this, the owners of the copyright have published the words in an edition separate from the music, and handsomely printed. As to Mr. Damrosch's music, it is painfully German, and therefore ill adapted to the setting of so distinctively American a theme. It is reminiscent of Wagner, but of Wagner at his worst, with none of his melody and all of his noise. However, a composer's first *opus* is usually only a sort of musical first flight, and its shortcomings do not necessarily preclude the most brilliant achievements in the future.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just published a new story by

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"Mark Rutherford," entitled *Clara Hopgood*, in which this author's great qualities impress us as much as ever. "Everywhere," writes Dr. Robertson Nicoll, "this author shows himself a magician. . . . Whoever wishes to understand the possibilities of the English tongue should give his days and nights to the study of Mark Rutherford. Here is one among us who, to use his own words, speaks the veritable reality. He has the power denied to so many of at once clutching the heart. You feel as you go on that you are reading with exposed nerves; and you lay down the book thrilled and shaken, never to be again quite what you were at its beginning."

❀

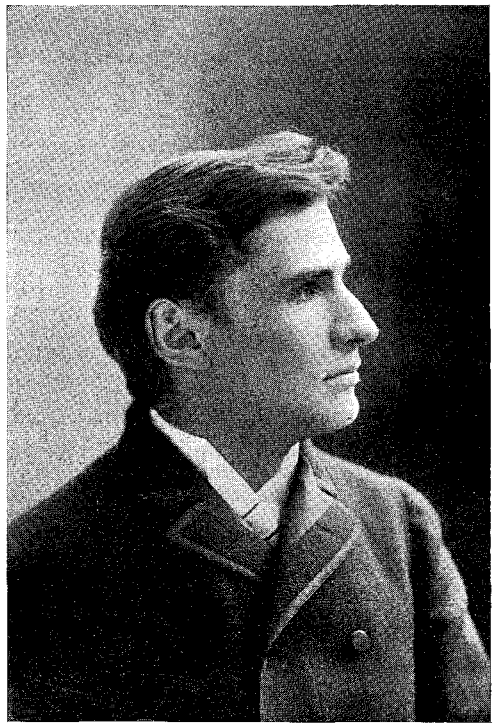
Mr. Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* is now in its fourth edition. A short sketch of his appears in the March number of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, entitled "A Tale of Mere Chance," in which Mr. Crane may be said to have given us in his own manner a new psychological study of the tragedy in "Eugene Aram's Dream." For it is in the strong subjectivity of Mr. Crane's work that his original power lies, and which we agree with that canon of art, *The Atlantic Monthly*, "is great enough to set a new fashion in literature."

❀

*The English Illustrated Magazine*, by the way, was the first English magazine to publish a story by Stephen Crane. The enterprise which causes this magazine to take a leading place may be illustrated by the fact that in the March number it also includes stories by Shan F. Bullock, Louis Becke, and Percy Andreae, who are new and probably coming men in fiction. The London *Sketch*, also edited by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, one of the keenest of London editors, contained Mr. Crane's first published story in England. *The Little Regiment*, another war story by Mr. Crane, will be published in the spring, after its appearance in *McClure's*. *The Third Violet*, already announced, will not appear until the autumn.

❀

We notice that the *Critic* of March 7th describes Stephen Crane's discovery as quite recent: "Not many weeks ago a young man walked into the private office of Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, at the Messrs. Appletons', bearing a letter of introduction. . . ." Then follows an account of his submitting some short stories, and on their declination, as "there were not enough of them to make a book," and



WALTER DAMROSCH.

Mr. Crane's suggestion that he had a story of war which had been syndicated some time ago, Mr. Hitchcock asked to see it, and immediately decided to publish it. As a matter of fact, *The Red Badge of Courage* was submitted, as well as another story, entitled *A Woman Without Weapons* (not yet published), over a year ago, and in an article on Stephen Crane, which appeared in THE BOOKMAN last May, mention is made of these two works, and some interesting facts are narrated about the author, who had then just published his *Black Riders and Other Lines*. His *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* is to be wholly revised and largely rewritten before it is published by the Appletons, so that possessors of the original edition, and we presume they are few, may consider that they own a prize.

❀

The *Saturday Review*, of London, has at last made the discovery that

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Mr. Crane is not a veteran of the Civil War, and it has, in consequence, very handsomely retracted its dictum that Mr. Crane's work is not that of a literary artist. In its issue of February 15th it says:

"Mr. Crane, who hails from Sullivan County, New York State, is, we have ascertained, still a very young man, about twenty-three years of age. His book was written when he was twenty-one. It was generally, and not unnaturally, supposed to be the work of a man of more than middle age, who had been under fire in the great Civil War in America, and simply recorded the vivid impressions of actual experience. As it now turns out, the book is not a mere example of admirable reporting, of deep impressions accurately registered, but a work of imagination, which, it is not too much to say, bears the hall-mark of real genius. This extraordinary instance of early maturity is another proof of the fact that the imagination can enter into and realise the actualities of life so vividly and deeply as to surpass in realism the records of experience.

"Great things will be expected of Mr. Crane, though it remains to be seen whether he can justify the high promise of this magnificent first performance. It sometimes happens that a man blossoms early in a single book or a single speech, which seems to exhaust the energies, and the promise, as in the case of the blossoming of certain plants, ends with the first performance. We turn to 'Horses,' a sketch by Mr. Crane in the current number of the *New Review*, in which his aim is to give a realistic study of fear, but in which his attainment, though it shows remarkable psychological power, is marred by over-elaboration. Mr. Crane will be wise if he recognises the simple directness of the work in *The Red Badge of Courage* as the secret of his strength, and the line of least resistance on which he should concentrate his efforts for the future. He will disappoint his admirers if he insists on gilding the lily, and underrates, as he seems inclined to do, the real secret of his success."

❀

On the evening of Friday, March 7th, Mr. Ripley Hitchcock gave a quiet little dinner at the Authors' Club to Mr. Crane, at which Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, Mr. Edward Eggleston, Colonel W. C. Church, Mr. C. S. Reinhart, and others were present. Mr. Crane as a young author "just out" must have felt proud of the honour done him by the presence of these veterans in the art of writing.

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## EVOLUTION.

I.

O drowsy day when all things yield
  Submission to the summer's heat,
When the warm wind blows o'er the field
  And ripples in the lush buckwheat!
    A wonted sight it seems to be,
      Yet in that swaying emerald lake
    The poet's eye may soothly see
      Thy genesis, O buckwheat cake!

II.

The hoar-frost whitens all the glade
  And chill shines out the wintry moon;
Within, a dainty Yankee maid
  Is stirring batter with a spoon.
    The ruddy fire with cheerful sound
      Leaps through the logs of crackling fir,
    While round and round and round and round
      The slim white fingers stir and stir,

Until with every ancient form
  She finishes the mystic rite;
Then sets the batter snug and warm
  Beside the embers for the night.

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"Within, a dainty Yankee maid
Is stirring batter with a spoon."

Now let the Lar, if such there be,
Watch well the hearth till day shall break,
Since in that modest pan we see
Thy chrysalis, O buckwheat cake!

III.

Fresh from the griddle's warm embrace
It smokes before the ravished sight,
A dash of Indian in its face,
All golden brown, all liquid light,
While from a hundred tiny cells
The syrup glints in amber foam,
And forth the melting butter wells
As honey oozing from the comb.
Each morsel, like a Houri's kiss,
Melts at the lips, a fairy flake
To grace thine apothéosis,
Ambrosial vision,—buckwheat cake!

*Harry Thurston Peck.*

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# LIVING CRITICS.

## VI.—Mr. Andrew Lang.

ANDREW LANG.

Mr. Lang's more elaborate critical writing has been in other fields than literature, and any appreciation of him here must therefore be incomplete. He is a brilliant writer on many of the interests of life. Literature is to himself one of the chiefest of these; but it is no fetish. Neither is it, of course, to Mr. Watts, to Mr. Leslie Stephen, to any of the others whose work has been summarised in these articles; but Mr. Lang has the air of taking for granted more than do they that books have a great many rivals in the affections and attention of even the very folk whose ear he has for the moment. He does not seek to convince his audience of sin, but rather, and quite sympathetically, varies his conversation, assuring them that he, too, is of their mind about golf, or fishing, or any other hobby, having just as unassailable, if a less dignified, right to consideration as Aristotle or the Muses. You do not often catch him sitting at a library table, painfully searching and weighing. His work is all done when he comes to you, and he refers to it pleasantly, humorously, sometimes consenting to argue for a minute or two, but more often giving you only the essence of his labour, or narrating the irrelevant incidents or accidents which gave a savour to it. He has brought an atmosphere of books and intellectual things to a large number of persons who would not willingly, and could not profitably, read a serious exposition of this or that writer's merits or defects, much less read the writer at first hand. I don't think he believes much in any general hunger for intellectual food, or takes the present cry for culture very seriously. He knows the world has ten thousand other things to attend to, and maybe thinks the world is very wise. It is his part to entertain—because he can—and as to speak of what you like very well is a good way of entertaining,

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and he has been a book-lover all his days, he speaks of books, among other things. I am very far from suggesting that it is his special rôle to tickle the mental fancy of those who don't read for themselves. But he has reached them, giving them a kind of teasing stimulus to interest, and no dangerous ready-made phrases for counters with which to play at serious games.

The intellectual influence of Mr. Lang on students, book-lovers, writers at an impressionable stage, has not been slight. His continual practice, for instance, of showing how the interests of life react on each other, illustrate each other, is a lesson in proportion, a stimulus to the intelligence, an admirable corrective to pedantry. A thing is not isolated to him, but grouped. To all literary cant and affectations he is a foe ; time after time his wit has exploded a false solemnity. And if, as a rule—I think of notable exceptions—he has treated his subject in its lighter aspect, maybe he has done so because of a double respect, first for the rights of his audience—of which entertainment he judges to be one—and second for literature itself, which is better served by the individual devotion, the serious practice of its adherents, than by solemn talk to outsiders about its sacred functions or its mechanical methods.

Slight or weighty, according to theme or place, Mr. Lang's writing always exhibits character. With more interests and more various learning than most literary critics, he is nevertheless not a writer of many moods ; is much less inconsistent than others of stolider mien. His touch is light, his glance airy, but he is not volatile ; very calculable, on the contrary. If the critic be the judge who weighs works of art without regard to his own partialities, considers how they fulfil their aims, whether he likes these or not, and ranks them fittingly among such other works as have cognate aims, who among us to-day is a critic? Not Mr. Lang. A few have the air of wanting to be such, an air bequeathed from an age when there were fewer things to judge, and not so many conflicting schools and tendencies to choose amongst. He is not amongst them. But he has the qualifications of fine scholarship, a long love of books, and a long habit of using them, without which no fine handling of literature is possible. The critic need not be born, perhaps : he can be made. But the making has to be begun as early as if he were going to be a fiddler. He has, too, as I have said, the many interpretative aids given him by the varied interests and hobbies he has toiled at and pleasured at for years. In a sense he is academic ; but an academic enlightened by so much common-sense, and modified by so marked a temperament, must break the fences of Academe sometimes. So he does, though not to herd with barbarians. Stubborn, sturdy, refusing conventions as conventions, he is often at one with the general sense of the world that has made them. Fastidious, he is never finnicking, and of all the critics of the day with a fine artistic palate he is least of a pedant about style. An experimentalist in many forms and measures, with a sharp ear for literary delights or offences, the literary dandy is yet an obnoxious person to him. Style is a good thing, he says. Learn it if you can. Cultivate it if it be a gift of the gods to you. But the cultivation is a task, a thing of the workshop. Get it, but decently, and don't parade it, any more than you would the apparatus of the toilet. Indeed, Mr. Lang is an excellent supplement in this matter—I will not say corrective—to Mr. Stevenson, the recognised tutor of young aspirants to letters these last ten years or so. For one says, Experiment, weigh, blot, refine, and the other, Yes, yes, and then forget all about it, and on with your story. Mr. Lang is a perfect master of the manner which suits him best, and very straightforward, lucid, and swift it is ; and if he has founded no school, he has had incalculable influence in forming a lighter, brighter, simpler style of literary journalism.

A lover of the literature of the past, circumstances, or the desire and capacity of entertaining, have set him talking often on the passing things of the day. There he is no grave, austere balancer. He will do a good turn to a friend, and, of course, no really serious critic would do anything of the sort—which stamps them at once as miserable creatures. Sometimes he has trounced a performance which would have been more fiftly punished by neglect. And his sympathies do not go out in so many directions that you can be sure of a favourable, or even a fair, reception to the

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writer who is the inspired prophet of the year. But he knows what he likes and dislikes; and does both heartily, and without remorse. There is nothing amorphous about Mr. Lang. Not only has he prejudices, but he knows it quite well, and is proud of it. (A pride in prejudices is commoner, by the bye, than pride in pedigree, but it is very similar; both are claims to interesting ancestry; the unprejudiced mind being, of course, a lonely, kinless, *parvenu* kind of thing.) He confesses his limitations frankly, talks freely of his sympathies and his Dr. Fells; but he is pretty sure to forestall the reasoned reproach you have been so carefully preparing with, "There is criticism!" or, "This is not exactly a literary judgment; it is a pardonable antipathy." Very soon you know when it is best to listen gravely to his lucidly stated objections, or to laugh at his fun, and go forthwith and form your own judgment on the thing in question, in accordance with your own enlightenment or your own temperamental prejudices. You are warned he does not care for the drama, cannot away with problem novels, that he does not like aggressive and rebellious kinds of opinions, that both his sense of humour and his sense of propriety are easily provoked, that he is fastidious, with a keen nose for humbug, that he has the failing—which binds him to many of his fellows—of running away from the too much belauded book, and shooting round the corner any bolt that comes handy at its tactless apostles. So if you go to him for a judgment on this prophet or that, or on any new-fangled utopia, you have yourself to blame if you are offended. But your enthusiasm is not very reasonable if you do not own that the cold light of Mr. Lang's antipathies gives timely warning of some danger spots in your new path.

Lately we seem to have been taking sides as to whether imaginative literature should be a tonic or an opiate. This is not a very fair way of putting the question, for Mr. Lang and all his adherents would say at once, Neither, but if either, a tonic. So say the opponents, too; but one means the representation of a world where resolution is not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought—a place of sudden, unthinking, doughty deeds; the other of a world where our own sad possibilities of weakness are always kept well in sight. One says, Forget the feeble present, and learn what was done of yore and elsewhere, and go back fresh to your labours; the other, Face the worst, and don't weaken your fibres by pretending things are better than they are. The second demands more actual heroism; but it has unhappy consequences on the weak, the tired, the sensitive. The other is better for the young and worn-out. The adventure fiction of the day is in great part a deliberate following of a prescription. When we want real living romances of this order, we turn, not very often to the modern sagas, built up for our good, but to Dumas, Scott, Fielding, Le Sage, and Cervantes, who were not encouraged by Societies for the Propagation of Wholesome Tastes. Still sagalings pass the time; they are as good as a game; and they have this enormous advantage over their gloomy neighbours, that a very ordinary specimen is tolerable, while all but the masterpieces of the literature of gloom and of introspection are insufferable. Mr. Lang, in giving a kindly welcome to the adventure fiction of the day, even to books that are not masterpieces, has said hard things of others that perhaps are such, but which sing to a tune that vexes him. Nevertheless, he is sturdily convinced that his preference is but a restatement of the eternal doom of those who confess in Hell,

> "Tristi fummo,
> Nell' aer dolce che dal sol s'allegra,
> Portando dentro accidioso fummo."

He is a reticent writer, in spite of his confidences. Say at once, he is a Scot. He never denies, and sometimes one sees him glancing into, the black deeps of human fate. Man the warring pilgrim, struggling with destiny, he holds legitimate matter for poetry. For again he is a Scot, a kind of religious Scot, fed on Greek literature. But he does not see much good in exposing every individual misery; and very likely thinks the pessimistic writing of the day not philosophical or courageous at all, but only a new kind of whining. And he prefers whistling. Many of us would gladly gather fuel for his bonfire who swear by the worth of a book or two he will not look at with toleration.

Perhaps Mr. Lang regards imaginative literature too much as a rest for tired men, a bath to purge them from the

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world's cares. And maybe his likings are less comprehensive than those of some who share his view. Having regularly graduated in the emotions of each epoch of life thus far, he has put away childish things a little too much to be sympathetically understanding of the artist who is all ages at once.* His "elderly novelist" who writes "about the heart of youth with little more enthusiasm than the tarts and toffies of his boyhood," is a very natural kind of man, but not a good novelist; and his contention that "character and incident are the material" of the masters of fiction, "not character as dominated by the passion of love," is the kind of point worth making only if you have a good memory for the many exceptions. But sanity, lucidity, artistic decorousness, qualities that his soul has kindred with, are but ill-served by the passionate, the rebellious, and the gloomy writers. Literature as "the expression of souls in revolt" does not please him. He would rather be old-fashioned decently, than enlightened with rude violence.

If Mr. Lang has stated very frankly his dislike of much of the writing of to-day, it should be remembered how hospitable he has been, within the limits of his preferences; how he has welcomed on board his "Ship" the picturesque, the gay, the simple, the sentimental in verse; the lusty and the wholesome in prose, however crudely expressed; and how hot and constant are his enthusiasms. He is sometimes held to be supercilious. But if, with the great songs and tales of long ago in his ears, he listens sometimes languidly to the hummings of to-day, his contempt is only the other side of a romantic loyalty to the personalities and the utterances of the great ones that sit above the doubts, the tumults, and rebellious. "For we critics," he has said, "are only the sandwich-men of literature, and our only professional pleasure is to carry sandwich-boards for the truly great."

So long as Mr. Lang cares to talk about books he will be listened to for his ready learning, his fun, his grace, his agility; for his unsurpassed power of making a point. You get from him no long bouts of exposition, but many plain hints that you had much better go to the fountain-head, and some stimulating doubts that you will not go, all the same, with now and again glimpses of beauty and greatness—not set amid a holy Sabbath calm, but, as in life, cheek by jowl with the common things of Saturday and Monday. His influence has not been so much to correct the ideas of the student in the library, as to speak of books as a man of the world to men of the world, to wield a rod for the prig and the vulgarian, to discourage the bore, to justify long authority mellowed into beauty, and to keep himself and others from abject servility to fashion and great names.

*Annie Macdonell.*

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## LEAR'S FOOL.

"I'll go to bed at noon"—
Ah, fool, 'tis wisely said;
For sorrow, ne'er too soon
The requiem call to bed.

## THE BILLOWS.

Of tribes that in the desert fell
The wandering souls are we—
Wind-scattered seed of Ishmael
Upon the sterile sea.

*John B. Tabb.*

* The critic had not read Mr. Lang's own romance, *A Monk of Fife*, when this was written.

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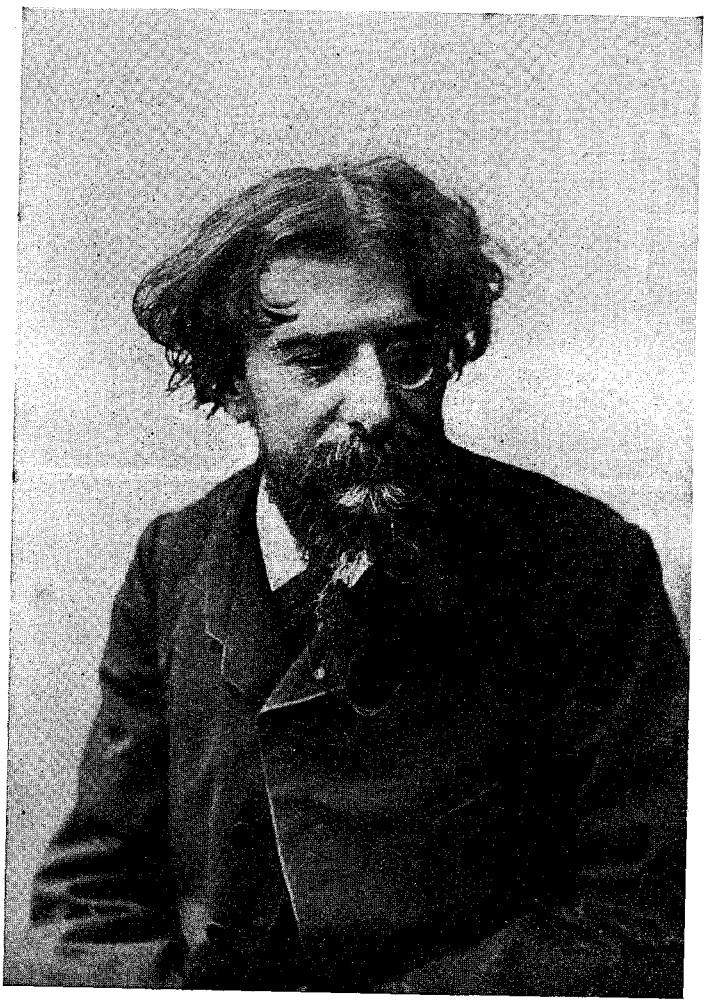
# M. DAUDET IN HIS STUDY.

I drop in frequently upon M. Alphonse Daudet of a morning when he is in Paris. He is, personally, so delightful that I cannot resist the temptation of ringing at his floor whenever I am in his neighbourhood. If he likes you the valets will always open the door for you to his study without any hesitation or ceremony.



ALPHONSE DAUDET.

One morning last month, as I burst in on him in this fashion, he was fumbling over some books and papers on his desk, and was ready, as usual, to talk of everything. He picked up a little volume at his right hand, and said: "Do you see that? Now, I'll tell you what it is. It was sent me by the author. Who he is I haven't the slightest idea. But see; the text is only printed in the middle of each page, so that there's a large white space above, below, and on each side of the type. I use it for writing memoranda. Look how I've written data all over its leaves—very convenient—I use it every day for my notes. I call that book a practical example of the æsthetic spirit."

"But the poor author?" I hinted.

"Oh, as for the author, why, I have written him thanking him for thinking of me, and told him that his book is always on my desk—it never quits my sight!"

That is a sample of the casual humour of M. Daudet, and you know that he is celebrated as one of the wittiest men in Paris. To show you how thoroughly companionable and amiable he is, one forenoon I found him passing two or three hours idly talking with a young man, an insignificant person. M. Daudet, in his naïve way, had taken a fancy to him, and introduced him to me as one of his most intimate friends. Think of this famous novelist, whose hours are golden, wasting contentedly the whole kernel of a day with an inconspicuous and commonplace person! M. Daudet is very democratic. It is easy for him to like a person; and if he has taken a fancy to you, you have a full right to

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seize possession of him anywhere and at any time.

He is not well; he is practically an invalid. And now and then as he is making genial sport for those present, he will exclaim half under breath: "Oh, how I am suffering this morning!" And this recalls how he fights off unwelcome visitors. A card is brought in. The visitor is known to be a bore, or perhaps M. Daudet does not feel in the mood to receive him today. So he looks at the valet as if in a sort of amiable torture, gently shakes his head, and waves his hand back and forth as a negative sign. What does it mean? It means that the valet will go out and say to the caller that M. Daudet is in the hands of his physician this morning. To be besieged with all kinds of people and requests and missives is of course one of the penalties of being a celebrity.

Here are two samples of the letters which he receives almost daily. He was reading them to me one morning. The first was composed in poor French by an American woman. It ran as follows:

CHICAGO, April 5, 1895.

DEAR SIR: I have your new book, *The Little Parish*. It is very good. Indeed, it is all the talk around here. Now, I should like to give you an idea. Why not write a novel about the New Woman? I think that would be a splendid subject for you. Yours truly,

Caroline W——

Why was that letter written, you say? Merely to capture M. Daudet's autographic response. But in this instance the writer had shot too wide of the mark.

The second letter was dated from Berlin, and was written in good French in a Spencerian hand. It was long. This is a fragment of it:

"You old villain! You are like all other Frenchmen—too mean to live. You have no conscience, no sincerity. You are utterly incapable of telling the truth or writing it. You should be taught a handsome lesson—you, and your race as well. And you can rest assured that the Germans are keeping a sharp eye on you all, and at the first opportunity they will visit Paris again; but this time it will not be on round-trip tickets. They will stay for good. You ought to be hit with a bullet; and if some one does not do his duty by you, I myself will see that the deed is done."

This is, of course, some poor, demented person who has as yet escaped the asylum. M. Daudet does not know who he is any more than you and I. Still, all the same, it is not pleasant to receive such a *billet doux* over your morning cup of coffee. And to think that this should fall to the lot of the genial, generous, delicate author of *Jack!*

In illustration of these qualities in him, let your fancy witness the following little scene which happened one Sunday morning when I was in his study. A letter was brought in. M. Daudet eyed the signature and skirmished over the contents, mumblingly quoting the phrases: "My misery is about to end"—"At last hope gilds the future"—"I need but five francs."

M. Daudet turned to us, saying: "Ah! if we could be sure that his story is true!" He slipped a five-franc piece in an envelope, sealed it (remark the tender charm of the act!) and sent it out.

Then he read the letter to us, and said: "There is a whole novel here. Three or four years ago I received a copy of a periodical from Languedoc—a wild-eyed sheet proclaiming the resurrection of literature, the reform of the French language, and so on. It was hoarse with 'Down with modern methods!' 'Death to the contemporary *littérateurs!*' After a time the editor appeared on the scene in Paris. He had come to carry the war into Africa. He did not have air enough in Montpellier. But Paris and Montpellier are not the same thing. He had made a great noise down in his province, but here his reverberations were swallowed up in the great roar of Paris.

"So he almost starved. He came to me because he knew I was from the South. I helped him a little. He has kept along, barely able to cling to existence with his wife and child—no work, no money, no friends. Finally to-day he writes triumphantly, as you have heard, that he has secured the position of spy on the police force. He is to 'run in' thieves and track suspicious characters. 'My misery is about to end; a light is beginning to break.' His expansive, explosive, Southern nature is enthusiastic over the glorious prospect. The lowest post on the detective service of Paris is for his grateful soul *la gloire*—fame and fortune. Four years ago, nothing short of reforming language and literature from beginning to end would have satisfied his lofty ambitions. And now he is proud to be a Paris police scout at a salary of

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twenty dollars a month. Ah, Paris! This is not the first ardent, immortal, magnificent soul that you have extinguished in your slums! You are grand and beautiful, but how many mortal careers you may have to answer for—sometime—somewhere!"

*Stuart Henry.*

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## A FIRST EDITION.

Whenever I go strolling down
A bookish by-way in the town,
It is my great delight to stop
Within the Bookman's cosy shop,
Where temptingly spread out to view
Are books of all kinds, old and new,
Editions curious and rare,
And bindings rich beyond compare,
And many of them priced so high
One seldom can afford to buy.

At such a time I ponder on
The fate of Authors dead and gone,
And think how grateful some would be
To sell their books to-day to me—
To charge for any volume sought
More than the whole edition brought—
Some slender sheaf of prose or rhyme
Made priceless by the touch of Time.
Thus I reflect, and long in vain
To own a precious *Tamerlane.*

Dear shade of Edgar Allan Poe,
It is disquieting to know
How much this very little thing
In these degenerate days will bring,
To feel that you for such a price
Hell could have changed for Paradise,
Balked Poverty a while and known
Peace, which should be a Poet's own.
Exorbitant the price, and yet
How small, considering the debt!

It may be maddening to find
This relic of a Past unkind:
A world's ingratitude and wrong
Lie like a shadow on your song.
Yet this must reconcile you some,
To see, when to this shop you come,
The dearest Poets on the shelf
Are William Shakespeare and yourself—
Both vagabonds, both Poets—Look:
Two Thousand Dollars for a Book!

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

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# AMERICAN FEELING TOWARD ENGLAND.

The Venezuelan complication, now apparently on its way toward a satisfactory settlement, has naturally called forth a swarm of articles in the newspapers and in the magazines. In this country such published discussion as we have seen has been pretty closely confined to the merits of the question immediately at issue; but in England it has taken a much wider range, and has appeared to centre very largely around the general subject of American feeling toward England, as to which the English seem just now to feel an unusual curiosity. For several weeks it has been impossible to take up an English periodical without finding either an elaborate article or at least a long paragraph devoted to more or less exoteric speculation upon this rather interesting topic. The writers in every case, however, have been Englishmen, and, in consequence, no very satisfactory and convincing analysis has up to the present time appeared; for the subject is one with which no Englishman, from the nature of the case, is competent to deal, because such knowledge as Englishmen possess, or think they possess, is necessarily derived from their reading of our newspapers or from their own very superficial acquaintance with a very limited portion of our population. Even Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has spent a good portion of his life in and near the United States, cannot be accepted as a safe guide; for while he doubtless knows many Americans, and has heard and read much that is published here, he cannot have come closely into contact with the great mass of the American people, with whose point of view alone this discussion has to do. The real feeling of a nation, especially of a nation like our own, is not to be gleaned from the highly coloured pronouncements of a sensational press, nor, on the other hand, from the after-dinner chat of a tactful and hospitable entertainer, who for the moment lets his personal liking for a distinguished guest inspire him with a purely cenatory cordiality toward the nation whom that guest for the moment typifies. Hence it is that whatever has been published in England gives only an outsider's view, which is hostile or friendly according to the writer's own limited and personal observations, and in many cases, also, according to the spirit in which his investigation was conducted.

Two letters lately published in two English journals have interested us very much. Each very fairly represents one of the two general opinions held in England of America and American sentiment; and taken together, they may serve as a text for the consideration of a very interesting question.

The first is a letter written to the London *Times* by Dr. Conan Doyle. Dr. Doyle has lately visited the United States; he has met many Americans both in public and in the apparently confidential intercourse of private life, and he doubtless thinks that he is very well qualified to expound the national sentiment of our people toward his own country. Dr. Doyle believes that there is a good deal of hostility toward England, though not toward Englishmen; and he regards this feeling as a sort of tradition, an historic survival from the past, and not as anything very definable, very specific, or very reasonable. He points out that in American schools the portions of American history most carefully studied are those that treat of our two great struggles with England; and he expresses the opinion that by continually dwelling upon the events of the Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812, American youth are trained up to regard England as a sort of hereditary foe, toward whom it is both proper and patriotic to express and actually to feel a certain amount of rather vague hostility which could not, however, be justified by the facts of the present day. Dr. Doyle is good enough himself to speak with much friendliness of the American people, and to express his belief that such bitterness as survives from the past will die away as the two nations grow more and more to realise their community of interest, and to know each other better. In short, his view is that of the modern Liberal, well meaning, anxious to be just and fair, and fully convinced that he is perfectly familiar with all sides of a by no means complicated question.

The other letter appeared in the *Sat-*

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*urday Review* of January 4th over the signature of Mr. Morley Roberts, a rather obscure young English writer. This document is considerably shorter than Dr. Doyle's, and far more snappy in its diction. It was called forth primarily by the appeal of the English authors to their American brethren—an appeal which Mr. Roberts very indignantly repudiates. Having done this, he goes on to set forth some notions of his own. He regards Americans as distinctly and bitterly hostile to England and to Englishmen. He asserts that we are "rancorous," and he very frankly says that this feeling is most heartily reciprocated in England. The concluding paragraphs of his letter deserve to be quoted in full:

"No Englishman with imperial instincts can look with anything but contempt on the Monroe doctrine. The English, and not the inhabitants of the United States, are the greatest power in the two Americas; and no dog of a Republic can open its mouth to bark without our good leave. Personally, I look forward to a time when a social and political revolt shall tear the heterogenous plutocratic fabric of the States to fragments, and then the more truly democratic England may come by her heritage.

"Those who sign this precious paper go on to say that we are proud of the United States. Sir, we *might* be proud of them; but to say that we *are* proud of them is to speak most disingenuously. Who can be proud of a politically corrupt and financially rotten country, with no more than a poor minority vainly striving for health? . . .

"If literature is the only bond between us and this most ill-mannered country, it may be time for us to repudiate American copyright before the Americans repudiate it. But literature is no real bond, because not one American in a thousand, no, not one in ten thousand, has had his manners made less brutal by the most casual acquaintance with it. For these reasons I wish to dissociate myself from an appeal to any country, and more particularly to the United States."

Mr. Roberts's delightfully frank and evidently honest letter represents the deliberate opinion of the High Tory, and one that is held in its extreme form by many Englishmen who are not Tories. In a less degree, we think, it is held also by a majority, if not of all Englishmen, at least of all the Englishmen who count.

Both the views expressed in these letters are clearly wrong—Dr. Doyle's because it mistakes both the cause and the direction of such unfriendly sentiment toward England as exists in the United States; and Mr. Roberts's, because it so immensely exaggerates the extent and nature of that sentiment. It is not true, as Dr. Doyle thinks, that Americans still cherish any feeling that was an inheritance from our early struggles with England. What he says would have seemed reasonable in the forties, when, as Mr. Howells has narrated in his *Boy's Town*, the American schoolboy was taught to regard the "Bridish" as a bloodthirsty and relentless foe, to be classed with the devil and all his works. There were many men then living who had a keen personal recollection of the massacres at Tappan and in the Wyoming Valley, who had themselves experienced the loathsome horrors of the English prisonships, or had later seen the nation's Capitol in flames. But that generation has now passed away, and with them the reality of these experiences. Americans are not much given to living in the past; and if they now recall the memory of these two wars, it is because they regard them as picturesque episodes in our national history, and not at all because the recollection feeds fat an ancient grudge. In fact, we can all now contemplate the records of 1776 and 1812 with a good deal of complacency; for in the first war the colonies distinctly triumphed over the mother country, while the second conflict ended in the tacit abandonment by England of the right of search whose enforcement had brought on the struggle.

It is a pity, then, that no adequate expression of American feeling toward England has yet been written down by an American, because such an utterance would greatly enlighten the English mind in its present condition of uncertainty, and would be valuable also as a corrective to much of the loose talk that is heard in this country on the political stump and in the columns of the political newspaper. The nearest approximation that we have seen to such a statement is to be found in an extremely well-written paper in the last number of the *Sewanee Review*. This paper is full of good points and clever sentences, yet it tells only a portion of the truth, and can by no means be regarded as saying the last word upon a very large and many-sided subject.

What, then, is the feeling that Americans entertain toward England? And when we say Americans, we do not, on the one hand, mean the politicians, who are mere reeds shaken by the wind, and who study the popular feeling so intently as to lose all sense of perspec-

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tive, and therefore fail to see the wood by reason of the trees. Nor do we mean those persons who are Americans by act of the courts rather than by right of birth—Americans upon whose papers of naturalisation the ink is scarcely dry, and in whom still smoulders the memory of Old World feuds. And, on the other hand, we do not mean those despicable curs of native birth, who may be heard from time to time yelping at their country in foreign clubs and the smoking-rooms of transatlantic steamers, and who are thrilled with delight down to the very depths of their infinitesimal little souls when some fatuous foreigner tells them that he "really would never have taken them to be Americans!" We mean, rather, that great, silent mass of our countrymen whose nationality is inherited from many generations of Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and who have learned their Americanism at their father's fireside and not from the scare-heads of a newspaper—men who have no political ambitions up their sleeve, and who do not rush into print, but who stand for sobriety and sense, and whose matured opinion, in the long run, makes and unmakes Presidents and Senates, and bends the Government's whole policy to its silent will. How do these men feel toward England, the home of their race and the source of the great stream of our national traditions?

It is told of Charles Dickens, that on his second visit to this country he fell into conversation with an American about this very subject; and finally, with that peculiar sort of tact which so many Englishmen possess, he remarked:

"Oh, as far as we are concerned, it's perfectly simple, you know. We all of us love Americans, but we hate America."

To which the American is said to have replied rather slowly:

"Well, with us it's just the other way: we all of us love England, but we hate Englishmen."

There is a great deal of truth packed away in this sentence, though it needs a certain amount of exegetical commentary which is perhaps most easily conveyed in an allegorical form. The English nation is a good deal like the elder brother in the regulation British novel, who in due time, by right of primogeniture, succeeds to the ancestral estates and the family mansion. We Americans, on the other hand, represent the younger brother, who inherits nothing, and who if he remains at home must do so as the mere dependent of the heir. The old home is very dear to him. It has always been his home as truly as his brother's. He knows every nook and corner of the park, every tree in the woodlands, every leaf of the lustrous ivy on the towers. To leave it all is inexpressibly hard. Yet he is not of a stock that takes kindly to dependence, and so at last he tears himself away with a hearty good-bye to his brother, and the suspicion of a tear in his eye for the old days that are over; and going out into a new land in a new world, he begins the fight for fortune. He battles with the forces of nature, and overcomes them; he subdues the forest, the wild beast, and the savage, and makes a new home for himself by his indomitable energy and courage and perseverance. Years go on, and at last he hews out a fortune also. Everything prospers, and he grows richer and richer, until finally his wildest dreams are realised, and his first thought is once more to visit the home of his childhood. He crosses the sea, a man strong and successful, one who has lived the large, free life of the New World, and he hurries along over the well-known roads with a heart full of generous emotion, dreaming in his simplicity of a royal welcome from the brother whom he left behind so long ago, but toward whom his very soul goes out in his love for home and kindred. And when at last he rushes into his presence with all his pent-up enthusiasm ready to overflow, and with the breezy breath of a thousand leagues of sea about him, he finds the brother whom he had so longed for, a stiff, smug, decorous, and frigid person, who looks him over a little curiously, who gives him a couple of fingers to shake, and who asks him in rather a languid way whether he is going to stay all night. The enthusiasm is killed in an instant; and when he finds that his elder regards him with a certain supercilious disdain, as one who has evidently lost, in the outlandish countries where he has lived, all traces of his early breeding—one whose very success has made him a little vulgar—then perhaps the younger brother swears a little to himself, and would rather like to punch the other's head. But he never quite forgets the

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tie between them, and if his elder were in need, or if some stranger were to attack him, all these private grievances would be put away in an instant, and he would stand by the head of his house with both purse and power to the very last extremity.

And this is about the way it is with the American. He loves England with a fervour and a passion of which no Englishman has any conception. It means to his consciousness far more than it can mean to any Englishman. When he visits it his whole heart leaps at the first sight of its poppy-sprinkled meadows and the ivied walls of its sleepy old towns. It is his home; its history is his history; its glory is his glory too. But the people—that is another matter. It is not the memory of old-time wars that affects him. For these he cares no more than for the first Crusade. No Anglo-Saxon ever bears malice toward a former opponent in a good, square, stand-up fight. But when he finds his kindred in the old home looking at him with a sort of tolerant contempt, when he notes the ostentatious condescension of their manner, and the absurd assumption of superiority that is theirs, then he begins to think of things that happened in his own recollection; and when he does so think of them he waxes hot. He recalls how in the darkest period of our Civil War the English statesmen who had once posed as the friends of the United States greeted the news of its disasters with mingled cheers and sneers; how they set their names to the list of those who pledged great sums of money to the support of our opponents; how amid bland assurances of ignorance they let slip from English ports the privateers that swept our vessels from the sea; how, when English ships were anchored beside our ships of war in neutral harbors, their crews made night hideous with their insulting songs and cheers for the national enemy; how a great noble like Lord Hartington ostentatiously displayed a Confederate emblem at a gathering in New York where he had been welcomed as a guest; how in a thousand ways the representatives of England gloated over our misfortunes and mocked at our successes. And if the American be a Southerner his feeling is not very different; for he knows now what he did not at the time so clearly see; that English sympathy with the South was wholly selfish and self-seeking; that it waned and died when the cause of the Confederacy grew hopeless; and that its only source was the desire to discredit and destroy the great Republic whose existence was a perpetual reproach to the pig-headed folly of an English king.

Yet it is probably not these public acts of avowed ill-wishers that have most irritated American sentiment against Englishmen; it is rather the half-unconscious, blundering way in which the average Briton contrives, even in his clumsy attempts at civility, to reveal a mental attitude that reflects dislike and differentiation—an attitude which puts Americans into the place of "poor relations" to be asked, so to speak, to warmed-over dinners and the hashed mutton of courtesy; or that prompts him when he visits this side of the Atlantic to appear at an evening reception in a tweed suit. An anecdote told by General Badeau of President Grant's visit to England will illustrate our meaning:

> "At one manufacturing town he (General Grant) stayed at a house where every honour was paid him and every courtesy extended. But his hosts took him to visit the steward of a lord who lived near by; he was permitted to see the state apartments in the absence of his lordship, and he lunched in the land-steward's room, and not in the earl's. The steward was probably an abler and better educated man than his master, and General Grant was too good a democrat not to appreciate this fact, and to respect his host; but if he had been an English nobleman, neither steward nor manufacturer would have dreamed of entertaining him.

This was a trifling incident in itself, but it is beautifully illustrative of the way in which the Englishman turns even his hospitality into a discourtesy by making it accentuate the low esteem in which he holds his guest.

There are times when even the most unemotional American who calls to mind such things as these, and who reads perhaps some bit of coarse abuse like that of Mr. Morley Roberts—there are times, we say, when he would exult in shouldering a rifle for a march over the Canadian frontier, and when he would see with joy the humiliation of England at the hand of the United States. Yet there never has come a time when he would wish to see that humiliation inflicted by any other hands. He would perhaps welcome a struggle,

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but it must be, so to speak, a purely family affair for the clearing up of scores that affect no other people—an affair to be settled by a fine piece of give-and-take fighting with no ill-feeling as an aftermath. Whenever a foreign power tries to put an affront upon England, as the insolent young cub of a German Kaiser lately tried to do, the American feels as though he, too, had received a slap full in the face. And then, when the news is flashed across the sea that his English kinsmen have risen to resent the insult, united and unflinching in the face of danger; when he hears that fleets are mobilised and that troops are rallying to their colours with the splendid efficiency that is the attribute of England in the hour of danger, then his heart goes out to them in a thrill of sympathy, and putting aside the recollection of his former grievances, he would rather like to take a shot on his own account at the enemy who, for the time being, he regards as the enemy of the entire race.

This, we think, is a fair statement of American sentiment toward England—a curious mingling of pride in the ancestral home, with a very real dislike for much that Englishmen have done and are still doing. And this view of the case we earnestly commend to the consideration of the English; for it rests with them to say which of these two feelings shall in the end dominate and at last obliterate the other. Should they go on exercising their peculiar gift of making enemies, the hour for repentance may come and come too late. Some day, perhaps, when the meteor flag shall have been dimmed for the first time by the shadow of a great defeat, when the Battle of Dorking shall have been actually fought, and when the spiked helmets are swarming over the Downs of Surrey in irresistible convergence upon undefended London, even the most self-satisfied Englishmen may regret that of their own deliberate choice they killed in the hearts of the American people a feeling which to-day still lives, and which tells us that the prosperity and the greatness and the honour of England are in no small degree our own inheritance.

*H. T. Peck.*

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## LANDOR, DICKENS, THACKERAY.

My first introduction to Bath and Walter Savage Landor was through Dr. Brabant, a learned man who used up his literary energies in thought and desire to do rather than in actual doing, and whose fastidiousness made his work something like Penelope's web. Ever writing and rewriting, correcting and destroying, he never got farther than the introductory chapter of a book which he intended to be epoch-making, and the final destroyer of superstition and theological dogma.

By the way, Dr. Brabant was one of the men whose undeniable attainments won the enthusiasm of George Eliot—then Marian Evans. A family tradition chronicled a scene which took place between the young woman and the elderly man, when she knelt at his feet and offered to devote her life to his service. Between a wife who, though blind, counted for something in the councils of the household, and a vigilant sister-in-law who looked sharply after the interests of all concerned, this offer of a lifelong devotion proved abortive. The enthusiasm of the girl was promptly stifled under the wet blanket thrown over it by an alarmed wife and a sister who thought such spiritual attachments might lead to danger; and Marian Evans left the house a sadder woman than she entered it.

I was in the shop of Mr. Empson, a noted æsthete in those days, when there came in an old man still sturdy, vigorous, upright, alert. He was dressed in brown, and his whole style was one of noticeable negligence. His clothes were unbrushed and shabby; his shirt-front was coarse and plain, like a night-shirt; a frayed and not overclean blue necktie, carelessly knotted, was awry; his shoes were full of bumps and bosses like an apple pie; and the contrast between him

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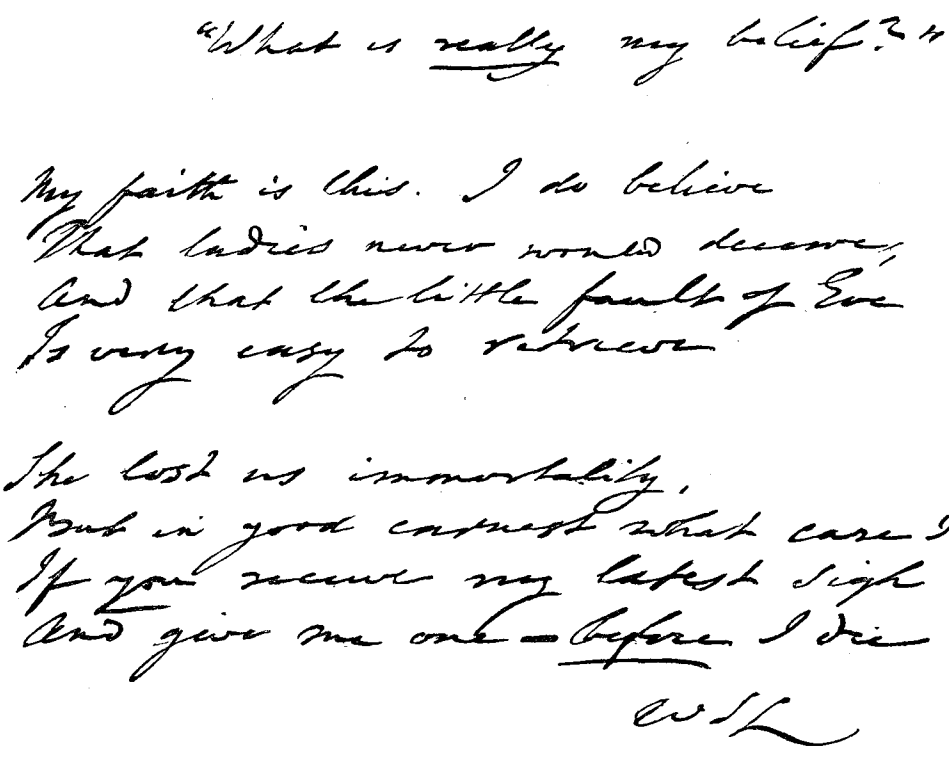
and Dr. Brabant, who was always spruce and trim and well got up and well preserved, was exceedingly striking. But the face beneath the somewhat shapeless hat was one not to be passed unremarked even in a crowd. The keen eyes; the lofty brow; the thin, close-set lips, with the sweetest smile that ever man had to correct the first impression of sternness, and to soften the undoubted resolution to understand their beauty, and prize them as they deserved to be prized. When, therefore, I heard his name, all my heart broke out with a kind of jubilant reverence—that kind of loving awe with which any follower would greet his chief—any worshipper would come into the presence of his God; and what I felt I showed.

I shall never forget the pleased smile



FAC-SIMILE OF LANDOR'S HANDWRITING.

From "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century." Dodd, Mead & Co.

of the whole of the lower jaw; the look of thought and power that shone in his eyes and rested like a written word on his face; and, with all the shabbiness of the outward man, the dignity, the superiority, the self-respect of his bearing and its wonderful courtesy to women, all made him noticeable even to those who did not know who he was.

When he came in, Dr. Brabant presented me to him. As it hapened, I knew his *Imaginary Conversations* almost by heart. A dear sister had given me a fine edition for my twenty-first birthday, and I had had sufficient literary perception to understand their beauty, and prize them as they deserved to be prized. When, therefore, I heard his name, all my heart broke out with a kind of jubilant reverence—that kind of loving awe with which any follower would greet his chief—any worshipper would come into the presence of his God; and what I felt I showed.

I shall never forget the pleased smile that came round his lips, and the half-laughing look in his eyes when he said: "And who is this little girl who is so glad to see an old man?"

We made friends on the spot, and I soon became "his daughter." He never called me anything else, and never wrote to me as anything but his "dear daughter," and never signed himself even W. S. L., but always "father;" and the friendship that began then continued without a break to the last day of his conscious life. I loved him with my whole heart and soul. I was mortally afraid of his quick temper, which I soon

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understood and was careful never to cross. He could not bear opposition, and young and unformed as I was, it did not seem to me becoming to oppose him, whatever he might have said. I was not there to correct him, nor did I dare. Had he said the sun was shining at midnight, I should have answered, "Yes, dear father, it is." As I had a strong temper of my own, this association with one whom I loved, reverenced, and had to give way to, was not bad discipline; and I recall now with tender thankfulness the fact that never, for one moment, was there the smallest friction between my dear "father" and myself—never one moment of coolness, of displeasure, of misunderstanding.

I used to go and stay with him every year, sometimes twice in the year, and I remember certain things which came into the ordering of our lives, as one remembers songs and sunsets and beautiful places. One was his evening reading of Milton—which was the same kind of thing as a noble voluntary on a magnificent organ. Another was our daily walk in the park, and our talks when we rested on the benches, perhaps near some children whom he passionately loved, perhaps near a lilac bush, which was one of his favourite flowers. He used to say he held that year to be lost when he could not bury his face in a bunch of "laylock." For he had the old-fashioned pronunciation, and said "St. Jeems," "laylock," "obleege," "srimp," "cowcumber," "goolden," and the like.

Of our sweet life together, too, were the balls at the Assembly Rooms, to which he took me when I chanced to be with him in the winter. This dear, courteous, kind old man, who hated crowds and had no love for evening amusements at any time, gave me a whole season of balls, hiring sedan chairs for us both, and chaperoning me as if he had been my real father. And considering all things—his own disinclination for such amusements, and his habit of early going to bed—he could have done nothing more unselfish, nothing more generous and kind.

Mr. Landor had his faults. He was irascible and inconsiderate—rash in speech and action, and dogged in his resolve not to hear reason, and not to see where he had been to blame. But a nobler, finer, more loyal, more loving, more lofty nature never took on itself human form than his. He was one of the most generous men on earth. I grant freely that his generosity wanted proportion, and that he exceeded the limits of plain, prosaic common sense, as, when he sent away all his dinner to a poor sick woman and contented himself with bread alone. But heroic natures dispense with these plain and prosaic limits; and Walter Savage Landor was essentially heroic in both his virtues and his faults. No shabby underhand insinuations for him, no skinflint meannesses, no slimy insincerity—fair to your face and foul behind your back—no treacherous letting you down when your foes assailed you, and a little kudos might be had by joining in the cry. No! Faithful, upright, tender to the loving, loyal to the true, uncompromising as an enemy and staunch to the death as a friend, he stands in the past of my life as one of the most honoured of all those whom I loved and honoured—as a very splendour of intellect and a rock of manly virtue combined.

And what an intellect! I was staying with him when he wrote that exquisite little verse:

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and next to nature art;
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

"There," he said, as he flung the paper to me across the table, "I could not sleep last night, so I wrote this. How do you like it?"

I remember the tears coming into my eyes when I said how beautiful and pathetic I thought it. He smiled in his sweet, half sad way—not that boisterous laugh which was like the bursting forth of a volcano, but the quiet and gentle smile, which was perhaps his truer self and his greatest charm.

"There is one little girl at all events who would be sorry," he said, and then changed the conversation.

One thing for which Mr. Landor liked me was my freedom from slang. He had a profound horror of all forms of slang, and impressed on me the necessity of keeping absolutely clear from this literary vice. If he had lived to the present day I do not know what he would have said to our young women with their "up-to-date" abominations; but I do know what he would have said to me had I used that phrase, or any

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other of the same kind which now we hear everywhere.

His ideas about women were emphatically those of the old school. Women were ladies to him, and aught that touched the very fringe of their delicacy was anathema maranatha. He treated them with the highbred courtesy of his time and school; attended them downstairs to their carriage, where he would stand bareheaded in the wind; loved those best who most respected themselves; but he understood—none better—the imperative nature of true love, and, while a very Rhadamanthus towards licentiousness, was tenderness in person towards real, deep, impassioned love. In his own life he told me he had had four supreme loves—loves which shaped and coloured his life both for good and evil. But he was never a man of coarse tastes or gross passions. In all this part of his history and nature, both in youth and maturity, he was emphatically the poet and the gentleman.

Once, when I was staying with him, he had a small dinner-party, of Dickens, John Forster, and myself. This was my first introduction to both these men. I found Dickens charming, and Forster pompous, heavy, and ungenial. Dickens was bright and gay and winsome, and while treating Mr. Landor with the respect of a younger man for an elder, allowed his wit to play about him, bright and harmless as summer lightning. He included me, then quite a beginner in literature, young in years and shy by temperament, and made me feel at home with him; but Forster was saturnine and cynical. He was the "harbitrary gent" of the cabman's rank, and one of the most jealous of men. Dickens and Landor were his property—pocket-boroughs in a way—and he resented the introduction of a third person and a stranger. He carried his spite so far as not to include in his collected works a very beautiful little poem which Mr. Landor had written to me, and which—never mind the subject of the verse—merited a prominent place for its intrinsic beauty. He was as treacherous, too, and disloyal as he was egotistic and jealous; and I had the satisfaction of reviewing his life of Landor, when, as poor Shirley Brooks said to Monckton Milnes, suiting the action to the word, I took the skin off him. I thought this Life a disgraceful thing for a friend to have written, for Mr. Landor believed in Forster—made him his literary executor, and gave him all the proceeds of his works, and used to call him "Good Forster." When he was dead and done with, and of no more value to the man he had trusted, then the true nature of the "friendship" came to light, and the result was a cold and carping and unsympathetic biography, which I for one did my best to show in its true colours.

At the dinner I remember we had some of Mr. Landor's famous Malmsey Madeira, which his grandfather had laid down over a hundred years ago. Some of the bottles were mere mud not fit to drink, and some were of the kind the gods drank on Mount Olympus. Dickens had not then bought my father's house, Gadshill; for my father was still alive. When he died, and we had to sell all his property, we sold Gadshill House to Dickens, through the intervention, in the first instance, of William Henry Wills. I was sitting next to Mr. Wills at dinner, when I chanced to tell him that Gadshill was in the market. As my own father before him, Charles Dickens had fallen in love with the place when a boy; and also as my father before him, resolved to buy it, if ever he could, when a man. We sold it cheap—£1700, and we asked £40 for the ornamental timber. To this Dickens and his agent made an objection; so we had an arbitrator, who awarded us £70, which was of the nature of a triumph.

I remember George Henry Lewes telling me the difference between Thackeray and Dickens in the way of service to a friend. Dickens, he said, would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you. He would spend a whole day, for instance, in looking for the most suitable lodgings for you, and would spare himself neither time nor fatigue. Thackeray would take two hours' grumbling indecision and hesitation in writing a two-line testimonial; but he would put his hand into his pocket and give you a handful of gold and bank-notes, if you wanted them. I know of neither characteristic personally; but I repeat the illustration as Mr. Lewes gave it.

Talking of Dickens and Thackeray, it is curious how continually they are put in opposition to each other. Each stood at the head of a distinct school of thought, representing different aspects

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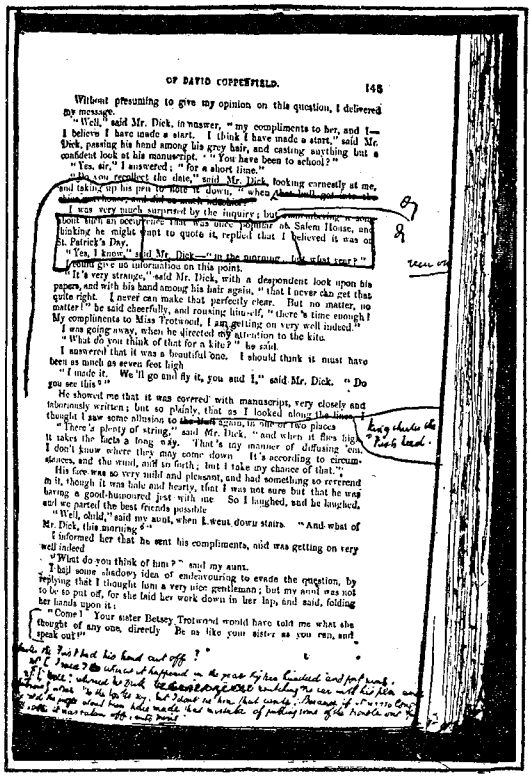
of human life, and each had his followers and adherents, for the most part arrayed in self-made hostile lines, with a very small percentage of that *tertium quid*—those impartial critics who could admire both with equal favour. This kind of antagonism is very common. It was repeated in the case of Jenny Lind and Alboni, and in a minor degree with Leighton and Millais, as with Emerson and Carlyle. But it sprang in each instance from the admirers, not the principals; and in the case of Thackeray and Dickens it was emphatically made for and not by them.

Both these men illustrated the truth which so few see, or acknowledge when even they do see it, of that divorcement of intellect and character which leads to what men are pleased to call inconsistencies. Thackeray, who saw the faults and frailties of human nature so clearly, was the gentlest-hearted, most generous, most loving of men. Dickens, whose whole mind went to almost morbid tenderness and sympathy, was infinitely less plastic, less self-giving, less personally sympathetic. Energetic to restlessness, he spared himself no trouble, as has been said, but he was a keen man of business and a hard bargainer, and his will was as resolute as his pride was indomitable. In the latter years of his life no one could move him; and his nearest and dearest friends were as unwilling to face as they were unable to deflect the passionate pride which suffered neither counsel nor rebuke. Yet he was as staunch and loyal a friend as ever lived; and, thanks to that strain of inflexibility, he never knew a shadow of turning—never blew hot and cold in a breath. At the same time, he never forgave when he thought he had been slighted; and he was too proud and self-respecting for flunkeyism. He declined to be lionised, and stuck to his own order; wherein he showed his wisdom, and wherefore he has earned the gratitude of all self-respecting *littérateurs* and artists not born in the purple. He knew that in a country like ours, where the old feudal feeling has sunk so deep, and the division of classes has been so marked and is still so real—he knew that the biggest lion of the class "not born" is never received as an equal by the aristocracy. He is Samson invited to make sport for the Philistines, but he is not one of themselves, and never will be



OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. 145

Without presuming to give my opinion on this question, I delivered my message.

"Well," said Mr. Dick, in answer, "my compliments to her, and I—I believe I have made a start. I think I have made a start," said Mr. Dick, passing his hand among his grey hair, and casting anything but a confident look at his manuscript. "You have been to school?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "for a short time."

"Do you recollect the date," said Mr. Dick, looking earnestly at me, and taking up his pen to note it down, "when that bull got into the china shop, and all the mischief happened?"

I was very much surprised by the inquiry; but remembering a conversation that was once [illegible] at Salem House, and thinking he might want to quote it, replied that I believed it was on St. Patrick's Day.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Dick—"in the morning. Just what year?"

I could give us information on this point.

"It's very strange," said Mr. Dick, with a despondent look upon his papers, and with his hand among his hair again, "that I never can get that quite right. I never can make that perfectly clear. But no matter, no matter!" he said cheerfully, and rousing himself, "there's time enough! My compliments to Miss Trotwood, I am getting on very well indeed."

I was going away, when he directed my attention to the kite.

"What do you think of that for a kite?" he said.

I answered that it was a beautiful one. I should think it must have been as much as seven feet high.

"I made it. We'll go and fly it, you and I," said Mr. Dick. "Do you see this?"

He showed me that it was covered with manuscript, very closely and laboriously written; but so plainly, that as I looked along the lines I thought I saw some allusion to the bull again, in one or two places.

"There's plenty of string," said Mr. Dick, "and when it flies high it takes the facts a long way. That's my manner of diffusing circumstances, and the wind, and so forth; but I take my chance of that."

His face was so very mild and pleasant, and had something so reverend in it, though it was like and hearty, that I was not sure but that he was having a good-humoured jest with me. So I laughed, and he laughed, and we parted the best friends possible.

"Well, child," said my aunt, when I went down stairs. "And what of Mr. Dick, this morning?"

I informed her that he sent his compliments, and was getting on very well indeed.

"What do you think of him?" said my aunt.

I had some shadowy idea of endeavouring to evade the question, by replying that I thought him a very nice gentleman; but my aunt was not to be so put off, for she laid her work down in her lap, and said, folding her hands upon it:

"Come! Your sister Betsey Trotwood would have told me what she thought of any one, directly. Be as like your sister as you can, and speak out!"

FAC-SIMILE OF THE PAGE OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD" WHERE—DURING HIS REVISION OF THE PROOF-SHEETS—CHARLES DICKENS PUT INTO MR. DICK'S IMAGINATION HIS FANTASTIC NOTION ABOUT "KING CHARLES THE FIRST'S HEAD," IN PLACE OF MR. DICK'S ORIGINAL HALLUCINATION ABOUT "THE BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP."

considered one of themselves. Hence Charles Dickens, even in the zenith of his fame, was never to be seen at the houses of the great; and with the exception of Lord Lansdowne and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts he owned no intimate friendships among the Upper Ten.

Thackeray, on the contrary, like Moore, loved the grace and delicacy and inborn amenities of what is called "good society." He was no more of a snob than Dickens, no more of a tuft-hunter, but he was more plastic, more frankly influenced by that kind of social sensuality which finds its enjoyment in good living, good manners, pretty women, and refined talk. Dickens had no eye for beauty *per se*. He could love a comparatively plain woman—and did; but Thackeray's fancy went out to loveliness; and cleverness alone, without beauty—which ruled Dickens—would never have stirred his passions. Both men could, and did, love deeply, pas-

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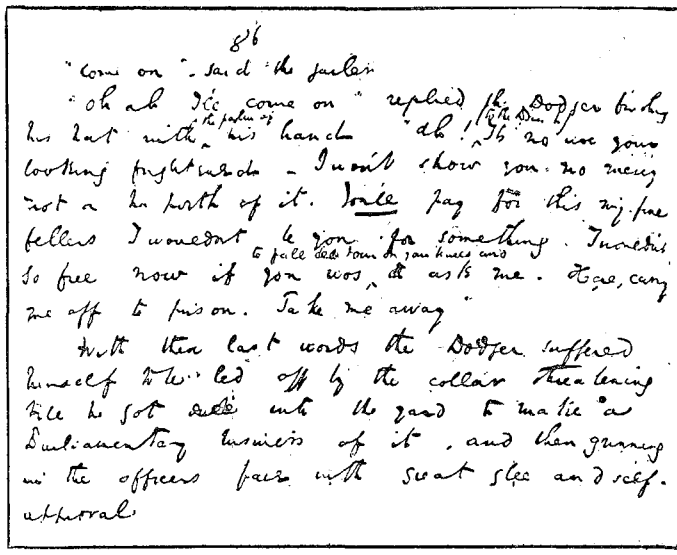

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "OLIVER TWIST," WHERE "THE DODGER" "CHEEKS" THE MAGISTRATE: CHAPTER XLIII.

sionately, madly, and the secret history of their lives has yet to be written. It never will be written now, and it is best that it should not be.

But, I repeat again what was said before, in each the intellectual appreciation of life and the personal temperament and character were entirely antagonistic. The one who wrote so tenderly, so sentimentally, so gushingly, had a strain of hardness in his nature which was like a rod of iron in his soul. The other, who took humanity as he found it, who saw its faults and appraised it at its lower value—yet did not despise what he could not admire—was of all men the most loving, the most tender-hearted, the least inflexible.

I did not know either man intimately, but if not the rose itself, I knew those who stood near. Their close friends were also mine, and I heard more than I saw. Many secret confidences were passed on to me, which, of course, I have kept sacred; and both men would have been surprised had they known how much I knew of things uncatalogued and unpublished. This consciousness of unsuspected participation gives a strange sense of secret intimacy, which adds a curious piquancy to the outward formalities *de rigeur* between those who are personally unfamiliar. I felt this keenly when Mr. Thackeray did me the honour of calling on me in Paris. I was keeping house with a young Anglo-French woman, part of whose patrimony consisted of a pretty little apartment up five flights of stairs. We had only two rooms between us, each furnished in the French way of bed and sitting-room conjoined, where every piece of furniture was contrived a "double debt to pay." Up these five toilsome flights came the great, good, kindly man; and I well remember how he chose a box rather than a chair for his seat, and how he committed the French mistake in manners by putting his hat on the bed. His daughters were then young girls living with their grandmother, and his affection for them was one of the most touching things about him. He asked me many questions as to my life, and was beyond measure gentle and friendly. But though he invited me to visit him and his in London when I should return, I did not. Like Dickens, I have always held more to the pride of self-respect than to the—as it seems to me—low ambition of being seen in great houses; and as Mr. Thackeray was one of the *dii majores* of literature, where I was only a beginner, I shrank from the intrusion, and so lost my chance of knowing him better.

So with a visit to Dickens at our own old home, Gadshill. Whenever I saw him he used to say I must go down and spend a day or two with them, to see the old place and the alterations he had made in it. But as he never fixed the time, I as little proposed a date; and it was only some years after his death that I went down to the house where part of my early youth had been spent.

True to his energetic nature, Dickens had altered much, and spoiled some things while he had improved others. A rosery instead of a cherry and filbert orchard I did not think an improvement, and I missed some of the choicest apple-trees—a golden pippin, a non-pareil, a golden russet among the num-

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ber. But the house was improved ; and, when in his occupation, and with his taste in furniture, and the like, it must have been singularly bright and cheerful. His taste was all for bright colours and pleasant suggestions. He liked flower patterns and lively tints, and the greenery-yallery school would have found no disciple in him. He was always fidgety about furniture, and did not stay even one night in a hotel without rearranging the chairs and tables of the sitting-room, and turning the bed—I think—north and south. He maintained that he could not sleep with it in any other position ; and he backed up his objections by arguments about the earth currents and positive or negative electricity. It may have been a mere fantasy, but it was real enough to him ; and having once got the idea into his mind, it is very sure that he could not have slept with his head to the east and his feet to the west, or in any other direction than the one he had decided on as the best. Nervous and arbitrary, he was of the kind to whom whims are laws, and self-control in contrary circumstances was simply an impossibility.

How bright he was ! How keen and observant ! His eyes seemed to penetrate through yours into your very brain, and he was one of the men to whom, had I been given that way, I could not have dared to tell a lie. He would have seen the truth written in plain characters behind the eyes, and traced in the lines about the mouth. His look was of the kind which *dévalisés* the mind ; and straight as he was in his own character, he would have caught the crookedness of another as by the consciousness of contrasts. And yet I know one cleverer, more astute, less straight than himself, who sailed round him and deceived him from start to finish ; who tricked and betrayed him, and was never suspected nor found out.

With Mr. Thackeray, on the contrary, I fancy deception and double dealing would have had an easy time of it. He struck me as being absolutely free from suspicion, and with the unquestioning trustfulness of a man who is at once generous and indolent. He would have had more sympathy, too, with certain spiritual troubles and trials than would that other ; and if I had wanted a tender and sympathetic father confessor I would have gone to the creator of Becky Sharp rather than to him who wrote "The Chimes" and "the Christmas Carol"—who wove the sweet idylls of Little Nell and Tiny Tim, and touched with so sympathetic a hand the sorrows and the virtues, the grime and the fun of the Little Marchioness and her slangy Dick.

Yet Charles Dickens had warm sympathies too, and his true friends never found him wanting. To those whom he affected he was princely in his helpfulness—always remembering that this helpfulness took other forms than that of pecuniary aid. To Wilkie Collins he was as a literary mentor to a younger Telemachus, and he certainly counted for much in Wilkie's future success as a *littérateur*. I was told by one who knew, that he took unheard-of pains with his younger friend's first productions, and went over them line by line, correcting, deleting, adding to, as carefully as a conscientious schoolmaster dealing with the first essay of a promising scholar. In his *Rambles beyond Railways*, the hand of the master was ubiquitous and omnipotent, and so in the stories published in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. For Dickens was absolutely free from the petty vice of jealousy. He was too self-respecting and withal too conscious of his own powers to be afflicted by the success of others. The antagonism created by the world's fancy between him and Thackeray never existed in reality between the men themselves. The attitude was altogether fictitious and forced on them by their followers, never really assumed by either. That quarrel in the Garrick Club, in which Edmund Yates figured as the *causa causans*, lent a certain appearance of unfriendliness ; but it was no truer than all the rest. The truth lying underneath all that action never came out, and never will. But it was not what it seemed to be ; and the "antagonism" of the two masters was a myth convenient for the occasion. Could indeed any public man's life be transacted without myths and masks ?

I do not know if Thackeray and Landor ever met. I have no record that they did, and none that they did not. Mr. Landor recognised himself in Dickens's mirror,* and I do not think he relished the picture. He did not speak of it to me, but he did speak of Dickens with a certain acerbity of tone different from his first encomiastic manner. I

* As "Lawrence Boythorn" in *Bleak House*.

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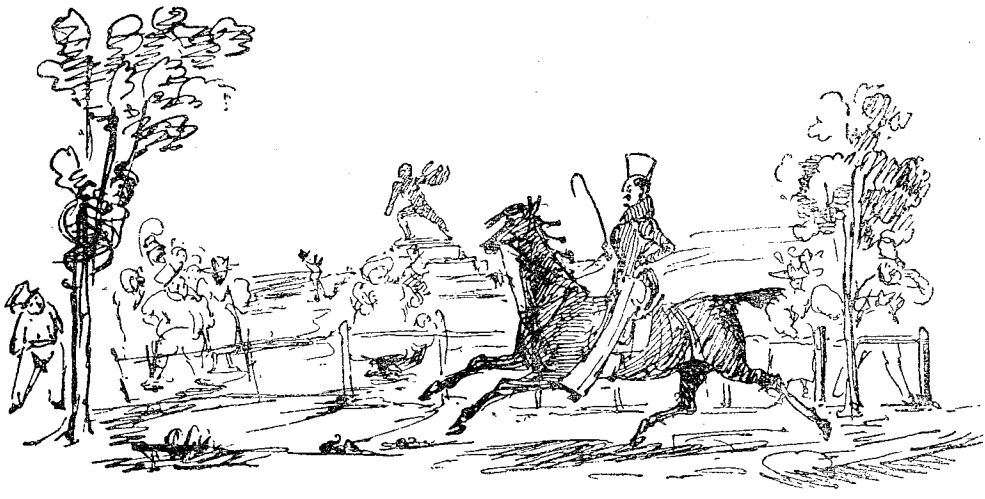

THESE TWO DRAWINGS WERE GIVEN BY THACKERAY TO EDWARD FITZGERALD, AND BY FITZGERALD TO THE LATE ARCHDEACON GROOME, WHOSE DAUGHTER NOW OWNS THEM.

was always sorry about that character, for Landor had been a good friend to Dickens, and loved him in the large way proper to such a nature as his. And proud as he too was—striving with none because none was worth the strife—he was sensitive and vulnerable ; and keenly felt what one must say looked too much like ingratitude to be admirable. I think he felt it in the same way as Thackeray felt the unsoundness and instability of a certain woman, on account of whom, while smarting from his disappointment, he wrote that bitter little paragraph about dragging women's hearts as you would drag fishponds. We all feel in the same way, and all of us who have the weapon of expression use it in the same way. No author keeps himself entirely out of his works ; and his own experience naturally colours and informs his characters. It was so with Dickens, and so with Thackeray ; and the initiated could dot the i's and cross the t's as those beyond the pale can never do. I know that in one of his characters his then most intimate friend had infinite trouble to induce Charles Dickens to modify the drawing so that it should not be self-evident to all the world who was the model. It is evident enough still, but greatly toned down from the original sketch.

But to return to Mr. Landor and my life with him at Bath.

Another time, when I was staying at Bath, Tom Moore came over with his wife, the "Bessie" of his sweet words and practical neglect. He was then a childish little old man, whose brilliancy had died down into the dust of things departed. He was the mere wreck of his former self, bodily and mentally ; but "Bessie" told my dear friend "Aunt Susan"—the Miss Hughes, Dr. Brabant's sister-in-law, spoken of above—that she was happier now than she had been for her whole life. She had her husband to herself. The world had lured him away from her and used him for its pleasures

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while he could amuse it ; now, when his star had set and the darkness of the night had come on, it forgot him and left him alone. And she profited by his failure. She devoted herself to him with the loving woman's sublime forgetfulness of all causes of displeasure ; and when he died she was inconsolable. Had she been a year-old bride bereft of her gallant young husband, she could not have lamented more passionately than she did the loss of this effete and half-imbecile old man, who had neglected her for all their lives together, but whose charm had held her as it held so many others. She was a fine, big woman, and he was not more than up to her shoulder—nor higher than mine—as we walked down Milsom Street together, arm-in-arm. I was very glad to see him. *Lalla Rookh* had been one of my great delights of early girlhood, and I can even now repeat the whole of the first canto of the fire worshippers, which I learned when quite a young girl.

There were days when my "dear father" was inaccessible and dangerous. If his prohibition had been disregarded, and unwelcome visitors appeared—well, I should not have liked to be among them ! One day he was in one of those unsocial moods, when I heard steps and voices on the staircase. I slipped out of the room, and before I realised who they were, I vehemently declared Mr. Landor's inability to receive them. But Monckton Milnes laughingly put me by, and said, "I do not care for all your protests, Miss Lynn, I *will* see Mr. Landor."

Of course when I recognised him I knew it would have been a dire offence had I turned them away. Their coming did the old man a world of good, and he brightened up for the whole afternoon and evening. He was fond of them both, and they were fond of him.

Lord Houghton told me a great deal of the private history of the family at Florence, and I understood better how impossible it would have been for Mr. Landor to live with his wife. No two people could have been less suited. She did not understand him, and she did not make allowances for his idiosyncrasies of temper. She would never learn the art of silence and letting things alone, but on the days when he was most irritable, or haply most absorbed with some literary idea, she would keep on a perpetual prodding ; and she never failed to contradict him, flatly, before folk, if she had a mind that way. And really, when one has to do with a temperament like dear Mr. Landor's, of what use to provoke it ? Why not exercise a little self-control on one's own side, and suppress one's self rather than attempt the impossible task of guiding and governing the intractable and the ungovernable ?

I was always sorry that the circumstances of my own life led me from Mr. Landor's side. Had I remained near him I feel sure—and without vanity—that the last sad tragedy of his life would never have been enacted. But my own father died ; I went abroad ; then I married ; and the closer and most sacred of the links with Bath and myself were broken. For they were sacred, and Bath is ever to me the "dear City of God" that Athens was to her lovers.

*Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.*

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## THE SOWER.

The poet plays the liberal sower's part
The four glad seasons long,
For through the world in every fallow heart
He sows his seeds of song.

*Clinton Scollard.*

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# BOOKBINDINGS OLD AND NEW.

Amid the numberless volumes of novels, romance, and verse continually published, it is a satisfaction to light here and there upon a book combining instruction with entertainment. The writer treating of subjects upon which useful and practical knowledge may be imparted is sure to find appreciative readers in proportion to the amount of information he possesses and can communicate acceptably. It is true he cannot count upon as large a constituency as a popular novelist, but his work is more likely to endure, receive more than passing attention, and have a greater assurance of preservation in the library.

Mr. Brander Matthews has just published a volume of this character, upon which he has evidently bestowed considerable care and research. His treatise upon *Bookbindings Old and New—Notes of a Book Lover*,* is perhaps the best upon this subject, taking it all together, that has yet been written in English.

It is difficult to review a book of this character, it being in itself a review of the subject of which it treats. The continued and active researches into the bibliographical and biographical history of bookbinding are continually adding new and important facts in relation to this art, the French having done more than all the other modern nations combined in the investigation of the subject. That Mr. Matthews's work should come within the shadow and influence of French bibliophilism is therefore not surprising.

It is only within the last quarter of this century that the art of binding books has received especial attention either in England or America. In the former country it has had no regular encouragement or growth. If we consider binding merely as a means of holding the leaves of a volume securely together, the English deserve credit for having, early in the present century, substituted the cloth case for the paper cover. Every owner of a library knows that the destruction of many of the books of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries is owing to their being issued in paper wrappings. If he chance upon an early Elizabethan dramatist, or, for example, such a volume as the first Kilmarnock edition of Burns, he will find the original cover to be a bit of blue or dark-colored paper, and flimsy at that. With a small amount of wear and tear this, of course, soon disappeared, and who does not know that most of the copies of the writings of our most esteemed authors of the eighteenth century, when found in their pristine condition, are encased in layers of dirt and grime which time and exposure have ground into the first and last leaves. This is when the binder had no chance at them. When he did, it was to cut them to as small dimensions as possible, even to the shaving of headlines, marginal notes, and signatures, to economise his leather and save the clippings for paper pulp. Mr. Matthews does not tell us much about these "artists," nor of those who in the seventeenth century, when many books were issued by their publishers in stiff covers, used up so much wretched sheepskin. The possessor of first editions of Milton in the "original binding as issued" (to quote the bookseller) knows what these publishers' bindings were, and also knows that the books were, at the best, printed with margins none too wide; apparently so that the binder might have nothing to cut. In revenge, perhaps, for this lack of consideration, he viciously attacked the text. If the author's works lived after him, it was not because the knife of the assassin was sheathed. Mr. Matthews has skipped lightly over this phase of the subject, and discourses more especially of goat and calf skins, which furnish the best accepted materials for the binding of the modern book. Those who consider the matter of correct bookbinding as one of pure dilettanteism are greatly mistaken. If an author esteems his writings worthy of printing he wishes them preserved; and if the publisher and reader be in accord with him, the binder is the man to whom they look to fulfil their desire. People, from some innate reason, usually show more deference to persons whom they see well clad, and from the same feeling treat a well and handsomely bound book with consideration. As Mr. Matthews has amply

* Bookbindings Old and New. By Brander Matthews. New York: Macmillan & Co. $3.00.

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shown in his treatise and the accompanying illustrations, a bookbinding may be in itself a work of art, irrespective of its contents. In fact, his whole volume is a plea for better and more fitting and beautiful books, externally as well as internally. He knows, as every student and lover of books knows, that a badly printed and badly bound book is an abomination in the sight of every good "bookman." Charles Nodier expressed the sentiments of all the friends of authors, and of the friends of books, when in his clever little story, *The Bibliomaniac*, he tells how Théodore upon his sick-bed was tortured with nightmare, fancying himself surrounded by monsters who would give him no quarter, and when asked by his wife who it was that he dreaded, having never given offence to any, said it was Purgold's ghost, whose fatal shears were devouring an inch and a half of the margins of his uncut Aldus, and Hendier (a cleaner), who was plunging his finest *editio princeps* into acid; but he had "good reason to think them both at least in purgatory."

It would have been interesting to have had at greater length the results of Mr. Matthews's researches into the history of early artistic English binding, which, although inspired by that done in France and Italy, and perhaps executed by foreign workmen, is worthy of attention and study, both as respects workmanship and design.

By way of further criticism it might be said that the author has also omitted any mention of the quaint bindings of the old monasteries; the substantial, elaborate, and artistic pigskin, vellum, and leather clothing upon the noble folios which presented to the world from the time of the invention of printing through the greater part of the fifteenth century all that had survived of the Greek and Roman literature, not to mention the works of the "fathers." While solidity of binding was then a primary consideration, and these books—the oldest examples of the modern art of binding—are remarkable for the thorough and painstaking manner in which they were put together, they are no less interesting from an artistic standpoint. The stamps used to decorate the covers are examples of the fine taste and skill marking the advent of the renaissance of the arts in Europe. So far no one seems to have studied to any great extent the origin and history of this class of bindings. The designs were made and the metal stamps cut by cunning hands. It is of course difficult in this country, where comparatively few of these are to be found, to treat this subject in other than a superficial manner. If it be true that rightly to know a picture, a print, or a choice book we should have the stimulus of ownership, it is much more true that the student and author should have free and familiar access to the matter of which he writes.

Thouvenin was undoubtedly one of the best binders of this century, and so was Bozerian, not to speak of Lefébure, Simier, and Purgold; yet we find no mention made by Mr. Matthews of any of these men and their work, which has distinctive merits both as to binding proper and artistic decoration. Identified with the romantic school of French literature, they also have their place as masters in the recorded history of the craft, which in France covers a period of about four hundred years, presenting with few lapses a continuous picture of applied art in its various changes of taste and style. No generation in France during these centuries seems to have been without its master-binder.

The men who produced the finest old bindings possessed talent of a high order. To inquire why work of equal merit is not produced to-day is pretty much the same as asking why our domestic and public architecture is so inferior to that of Greece in her best days, or why the sculptors of to-day do not rival the best of classical or mediæval epochs. Various answers might be given. One is, that this is not an age when the love of the beautiful and of perfection is uppermost in the minds of the most intelligent. What is demanded is utility coupled with gain. The shoemaker sews his shoes by machine with poor thread, and imperfectly tanned leather which the tanner furnishes in a crude state, unwilling to spend the care and time requisite to the production of a good material. He supplies the same degenerate article to the bookbinder, who also seeks cheap tools, thread, and all the rest. For his designs, rather than include in the education necessary to his calling a course of study in design, he servilely copies old models, or makes attempts at originality which are meaningless, if not puerile. The best de-

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signs of the Renaissance are based upon the study of the classic arts of Greece. The Greeks during their efforts toward perfection made direct and earnest study of nature; and until the designers and artisans of to-day in their search for originality adopt this system of study as the only foundation for their work, we shall have only mediocrity or something worse. There are amateurs and purchasers enough to absorb all that is genuinely good in the way of bookbinding, as well as the works of the cleverest authors and the artistic productions of the press. Another reason why the binders of our time fall so lamentably short of perfection is in the idea that fine work is not remunerative. It is not so, because their fine work falls short of the requirements of their clients. Misdirected energy and labour are as unproductive of good results as idleness. What an intelligent and painstaking binder might accomplish is exemplified in the success of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, of whom Mr. Matthews speaks at some length. He appears to have had no trouble in obtaining from £12 to £20 a volume for his bindings. Still, our author intimates that his forwarding or covering is not all that could be desired. A good thing, like a strong character, brings forth an equal amount of praise and blame; so Cobden-Sanderson's work is highly esteemed by some, and equally dispraised by others—a sure sign that it possesses merit of some kind as well as originality.

Some things the binders of this country do not seem to understand. First, that the binding should be appropriate to the subject-matter of the book, both in the material used and in its colour. Second, that the sewing and covering is of primary importance. The volume should be presentable and acceptable without any tooling or ornamentation whatever; and, finally, while the decoration which may be added need be neither symbolical nor emblematical, it should not clash with the work of the author and printer.

If some man with the requisite taste and ability were to appear among the bookbinders of New York, he would find a *clientèle* ready to appreciate his efforts and furnish him all the encouragement and work he might desire.

If in this digression we have wandered from the legitimate province of a reviewer, it is only an additional evidence of the value of books upon useful and practical subjects, such as that treated of by Mr. Matthews; inasmuch as they direct attention not only to what has been done, but invite inquiry as to what may be accomplished by properly directed effort. *H.*

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## DR. BURTON ON THE FUTURE TENSE.

The spectacle of an American giving a lesson to an Englishman on the proper structure of the future tense is so unique that one's first impulse is to enjoy it in silent satisfaction. Our transatlantic friends have often reminded us with a certain condescension of our incompetence to deal with the "orthographie and congruitie of the Briton tongue," as Alexander Hume phrased it. Dr. Murray, for instance, maintains that "in America, *in the absence of living English usage*, the dictionary occupies a place of authority never conceded to it by educated Englishmen." And even our own Fitzedward Hall has come to distrust the judgment of his compatriots on the "locutions" and "vocables" which are the occasional objects of his dignified animadversions. Yet behold an American Ph.D. intervening in the interests of the beauty and dignity of the English tongue! And that in a periodical where *honour* still retains its *u!* May not a Briton do what he will with his own? Shall an inhabitant of the "States" offer grammatical instruction to one who has the Queen's English as a birthright?

This unholy joy, however, is mingled with an uneasy fear lest, after all, Dr. Burton really felt that it was best to make no serious comment on what he calls Mr. Barr's delightful whimsy. Possibly he is answering a fool according to his folly, a method recommended by high authority. Or perhaps Mr. Barr's affected ignorance has been met by pretended learning, and a Yankee Roland despatched against the London Oliver. Probably it is all a good joke.

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If so, our joy will be dimmed; but Dr. Burton's apparent presumption will escape the chastisement it had otherwise provoked. For even an Englishman will suspect the hidden humour when he attempts to apply the philosophy of shall and will as demonstrated for Mr. Barr's edification. As its expositor lays it before us he may truly say (with a chuckle, doubtless) that it is not a deep or difficult thing. The frontiers of Futurity and Volition are delineated with as little apparent effort as another American (possibly with equal seriousness) settled the boundaries of Venezuela. The bearings of a remark, however, lie in its application; and it is here that our cousins will appreciate Dr. Burton's little jest.

We are told, for example, that *he* [*thou*, *you*, *they*] *shall* expresses volition. One might ask, Whose volition? but that would interrupt. Very well; let us ponder the next sentence. "The statement in a letter that *I will be pleased to see you* shall grate (as it should grate) upon your linguistic nerves, and you shall be able to say why it is wrong." But suppose Mr. Barr's linguistic nerve wishes to know why Dr. Burton says "shall grate" and "shall be able"? Whose volition has brought about this desiderated sensitiveness? School-teachers, after a course of instruction in such matters, are often obliged to predicate their own volition as the net result of their efforts; has Dr. Burton become wholly like unto us? Unless this explains his auxiliary, Mr. Barr would doubtless like to have the philosophy illuminated by a few more examples. The usage must be correct, for here is Stevenson, that impeccable Scot, writing

> "For soon *shall* this low roof
> Resound indeed with rain, soon *shall* your eyes
> Search the foul garden."
>
> "How shall your children clap their hands!"

And other writers seem to find more in this matter of *shall* and *will* than is expressed in some philosophies.

> "*Shall* I sonnet-sing you about myself?"

Is the poet requesting information about his own futurity, so to speak?

> "Whosoever *shall* say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."

Has this usage become obsolete since the discovery of Sheol? If not, *shall* we make our philosophy a little deeper even at the risk of making it too difficult for a Londoner?

But of course Dr. Burton is joking. This very reference to Stevenson proves it. What Englishman cannot tell you that north of the Tweed *shall* and *will*, like *meum* and *tuum*, have never been accurately distinguished. And now to be referred to a Scot as a model! "His work," writes Dr. Burton, "may be searched up and down, through and around for a single misuse of this locution." Now, as any one can see, it is a trifle difficult in the majority of cases to convict a writer of this error so clearly that he will confess. The man who writes *I will be glad to see you* can always defend his grammatical accuracy if he chooses to sacrifice his reputation for spontaneous friendliness. You accuse him of mismanaging his Futurity; he retorts that you do not know a Volition when you see one. So Stevenson may never be mistaken in his use of this tense, but we cannot help having doubts at times.

For instance, in *The Dynamiter* * occurs this passage:

> "And, in the mean while, if this woman should again address you, you are to reply with these words: 'Madam, I do not like you, and I *will* be obliged if you will suffer me to choose my own associates.'" (Page 66.)

To an untrained ear this sounds much like the nerve-grating locution quoted above. We can hardly say that the master of exquisite English has designedly put this into the mouth of a character who is masquerading as an American; for she speaks of "the States," as Stevenson must have known no genuine American would dream of doing. Possibly we must refer it to the joint authorship with Mrs. Stevenson, a talented lady certainly, but long a resident in the land where there is "no living English usage." The same fact may account for the following locutions also:

> "*Can* I offer you a weed?" (Page 314.)
> "Am I—oh, father, tell me *plain*." (Page 233.

Locutions which otherwise would seem to indicate that even masters of exquisite English have their occasional infirmities like less accomplished mortals. Meanwhile, we commend Dr. Burton's article to our English cousins as good reading for the first of April.

*George Meason Whicher.*

* Henry Holt & Co., 1885.

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# KATE CARNEGIE.*

By Ian Maclaren.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A WOMAN OF THE NEW DISPENSATION.

CARMICHAEL'S aunt, who equipped his house, was determined on one point, and would not hear of a clerical housekeeper for her laddie. Margaret Meiklewham—a woman of a severe countenance, and filled with the spirit of the Disruption—who had governed the minister of Pitscowrie till his decease, and had been the terror of callow young probationers, offered herself, and gave instances of her capability.

"Gin ye leave yir nephew in my hands, ye needna hae ony mair concern. A'll manage him fine, an' haud him on the richt road. Ye may lippen tae't, a' wesna five and thirty year wi' Maister MacWheep for naethin'.

"He wes a wee fractious and self-willed at the off-go, an' wud be wantin' this an' that for his denner, but he sune learned tae tak' what wes pit afore him; an' as for gaein' oot withoot tellin' me, he wud as sune hae thocht o' fleein'; when he cam' in he keepit naethin' back at his tea.

"Preachin' wes kittle wark in Pitscoorie, for the fouk were awfu' creetics, though they didna maybe think sae muckle o' themselves as Drumtochty. A' aye githered their jidgment through the week, an' gin he had made a slip meddling wi' warks or sic-like in his sermon, it wes pit richt next Sabbath, and sovereignty whuppit in at the feenish.

"Ye ken the Auld Kirk hes tae be watchit like a cat wi' a moose, an' though a' say it as sudna, Maister MacWheep wud hae made a puir job o' the business himsel'. The pairish meenister wes terrible plausible, an' askit oor man tae denner afore he wes settled in his poopit, an' he wes that simple, he wud hae gaen," and Margaret indicated by an uplifting of her eyebrows the pitiable innocence of MacWheep.

"Ye guidit him, nae doot?" enquired Carmichael's aunt, with interest.

"'Maister MacWheep,' says I," and Miss Meiklewham's lips were very firm, "'a'll no deny that the Auld Kirk is Christian, an' a've never said that a Moderate cudna be savit, but the less trokin' (trafficking) ye hae wi' them the better. There's maybe naethin' wrang wi' a denner, but the next thing 'ill be an exchange o' poopits, and the day ye dae that ye may close the Free Kirk.'

"And the weemen"—here the housekeeper paused as one still lost in amazement at the audacity with which they had waylaid the helpless MacWheep—"there wes ae madam in Muirtown that hed the face tae invite hersel' oot tae tea wi' three dochters, an' the way they wud flatter him on his sermons wes shamefu'.

"If they didna begin askin' him tae stay wi' them on Presbytery days, and Mrs. MacOmish hed the face tae peety him wi' naebody but a hoosekeeper. He *lat oot that* the potatoes were as hard as a stone at denner, an' that he hed juist ae blanket on his bed, which wesna great management for four weemen."

As Carmichael's aunt seemed to be more and more impressed, Margaret moistened her lips and rose higher.

"So the next time ma lady comes oot tae see the spring flowers," she said, "a' explained that the minister wes sae delicate that a' didna coont it richt for him tae change his bed, and a' thocht it wud be mair comfortable for him tae come hame on the Presbytery nichts, an' safer.

"What said she? No a word," and Miss Meiklewham recalled the ancient victory with relish. "She lookit at me, and a' lookit at her, an' naething passed; but that wes the laist time a' saw her at the manse. A've hed experience, and a'm no feared tae tak' chairge o' yir nephew."

Carmichael's aunt was very deferential, complimenting the eminent woman

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on her gifts and achievements, and indicating that it would be hard for a young Free Kirk minister to obtain a better guardian; but she had already made arrangements with a woman from the south, and could not change.

Drumtochty was amazed at her self-will, and declared by the mouth of Kirsty Stewart that Carmichael's aunt had flown in the face of Providence. Below her gentle simplicity she was indeed a shrewd woman, and was quite determined that her nephew should not be handed over to the tender mercies of a clerical housekeeper, which are said to be a heavier yoke than the Confession of Faith, for there be clever ways of escape from confessions, but none from Margaret Meiklewham; and while all the churches are busy every year in explaining that their Articles do not mean what they say, Miss Meiklewham had a snort which was beyond all she said, and that was not by any means restricted.

"John," said Carmichael's aunt, one day after they had been buying carpets, "I've got a housekeeper for you that will keep you comfortable and can hold her tongue," but neither then nor afterward, neither to her nephew nor to Drumtochty, did Carmichael's aunt tell where she secured Sarah.

"That's my secret, John," she used to say, with much roguishness, "an' ye maun confess that there's ae thing ye dinna ken. Ye 'ill hae the best-kept manse in the Presbytery, an' ye 'ill hae nae concern, sae be content."

Which he was, and asked no questions, so that he knew no more of Sarah the day she left than the night she arrived; and now he sometimes speculates about her history, but he has no clue.

She was an event in the life of the parish, and there are those who speak of her unto this day with exasperation. The new housekeeper was a subject of legitimate though ostentatiously veiled curiosity, and it was expected that a full biography by Elspeth Macfadyen would be at the disposal of the kirkyaird, as well as the Free Kirk gate, within ten days of her arrival; it might even be on the following Sabbath, although it was felt that this was asking too much of Elspeth.

It was on the Friday evening Mrs. Macfadyen called, with gifts of butter and cream for the minister, and was received with grave, silent courtesy. While they played with the weather, the visitor made a swift examination, and she gave the results on Sabbath for what they were worth.

"A tall, black wumman, spare an' erect, no ill-faured nor ill made; na, na, a'll alloo that; a trig, handy cummer, wi' an eye like a hawk an' a voice like pussy; nane o' yir gossipin', haverin', stravaigin' kind. He 'ill be clever 'at gets onything out o' her or maks much o' a bargain wi' her.

"Sall, she's a madam an' nae mistak'. If that waefu', cunnin', tramping wratch Clockie didna come tae the door, where I was sittin', an' askit for the new minister. Ye ken he used tae come an' hear Maister Cunningham on the principles o' the Disruption for an 'oor, givin' oot that he wes comin' roond tae the Free Kirk view; then he got his denner an' a suit o' claithes."

"A' mind o' Clockie gettin' five shillin's ae day," remarked Jamie Soutar, who was at the Free Kirk that morning; "he hed started Dr. Chalmers wi' the minister; Dr. Guthrie he coontit to be worth aboot half-a-croon; but he aince hed three shillin's oot o' the Cardross case. He wes graund on the doctrine o' speeritual independence, and terrible drouthy; but a'm interruptin' ye, Elspeth."

"'The minister is at dinner,' says she, 'and can't be disturbed; he sees no one at the door.'

"'It's reeligion a'm come aboot,' says Clockie, stickin' in his foot tae keep the door open, 'an' a'll juist wait at the fire.'

"'It's more likely to be whiskey from your breath, and you will find a public-house in the village; we give nothing to vagrants here.' Then she closed the door on his foot, and the language he used in the yard wesna connectit wi' reeligion."

Drumtochty admitted that this showed a woman of vigour—although our conventions did not allow us to treat Clockie or any known wastrel so masterfully—and there was an evident anxiety to hear more.

"Her dress wes black an' fittit like a glove, an' wes set aff wi' a collar an' cuffs, an' a' saw she hedna come frae the country, so that wes ae thing settled; yon's either a toon dress or maybe her ain makin' frae patterns.

"It micht be Edinburgh or Glesgie, but a' began tae jalouse England aifter

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hearin' her hannel Clockie, sae a' watchit for a word tae try her tongue."

"Wurk is a gude handy test," suggested Jamie; "the English hae barely ae r, and the Scotch hae aboot sax in't."

"She wudna say't, Jamie, though a' gied her a chance, speakin' aboot ae wumman daein' a'thing in the manse, sae a' fell back on church, an' that brocht oot the truth. She didna say 'chich,' so she's no English born, and she didna say 'churrrch,' so she's been oot o' Scotland. It wes half and between, and so a' said it wud be pleasant for her tae be in her ain country again, aifter livin' in the sooth."

Her hearers indicated that Elspeth had not fallen beneath herself, and began to wonder how a London woman would fit into Drumtochty.

"What div ye think she said tae me?" Then Drumtochty understood that there had been an incident, and that Elspeth as a conversationalist, if not as a ranconteur, had found her equal.

"'You are very kind to think of my movements, but'"—and here Mrs. Macfadyen spoke very slowly—"'I'm afraid they don't teach home geography at your school. Paisley is not out of Scotland.'"

"Ye've met yir match, Elspeth," said Jamie, with a hoarse chuckle, and the situation was apparent to all. It was evident that the new housekeeper was minded to hide her past, and the choice of her last residence was a stroke of diabolical genius. Paisley is an ancient town inhabited by a virtuous and industrious people, who used to make shawls and now spin thread, and the atmosphere is so literary that it is believed every tenth man is a poet. Yet no one boasts of having been born there, and natives will pretend they came from Greenock. No one can mention Paisley without a smile, and yet no one can say what amused him. Certain names are the source of perennial laughter, in which their inhabitants join doubtfully, as persons not sure whether to be proud or angry. They generally end in an apology, while the public, grasping vaguely at the purpose of such a place, settle on it every good tale that is going about the world unprovided for and fatherless. So a name comes to be bathed in the ridiculous, and a mere reference to it passes for a stroke of supreme felicity.

"Paisley"—Jamie again tasted the idea—"she 'ill be an acqueesition tae the Glen."

It was Sarah's first stroke of character to arrive without notice—having utterly baffled Peter at the Junction—and to be in complete possession of the manse on the return of Carmichael and his aunt from pastoral visits.

"Sarah," cried the old lady in amazement at the sight of the housekeeper in full uniform, calm and self-possessed, as one having been years in this place, "when did ye come?"

"Two hours ago, m'am, and I think I understand the house. Shall I bring tea into the dining-room, or would you rather have it in the study?" But she did not once glance past his aunt to Carmichael, who was gazing in silence at this composed young woman in the doorway.

"This is Sarah, John, who hes come to keep yir house," and his aunt stepped back. "Sarah, this is my dear laddie, the minister."

Perhaps because her eyes were of a flashing black that pierced one like a steel blade, Sarah usually looked down in speaking to you, but now she gave Carmichael one swift, comprehensive look that judged him soul and body, then her eyes fell, and her face, always too hard and keen, softened.

"I will try, sir, to make you comfortable, and you will tell me anything that is wrong."

"You took us by surprise, Sarah," and Carmichael, after his hearty fashion, seized his housekeeper's hand; "let me bid you welcome to the manse. I hope you will be happy here, and not feel lonely."

But the housekeeper only bowed, and turned to his aunt.

"Dinner at six? As you were not in, and it did not seem any use consulting the woman that was here, I am preparing for that hour."

"Well, ye see, Sarah, we have just been taking tea, with something to it, but if——"

"Gentlemen prefer evening dinner, ma'am."

"Quite right, Sarah," burst in Carmichael in great glee; "tea-dinner is the most loathsome meal ever invented, and we 'ill never have it in the Free manse.

"That is an admirable woman, auntie," as Sarah disappeared, "with sound views on important subjects. I'll never ask again where she came from, she is her own testimonial."

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"You maunna be extravagant, John; Sarah hes never seen a manse before, and I must tell her not to——"

"Ruin me, do you mean, by ten courses every evening, like the dinners West-end philanthropists used to give our men to show them how to behave at table? We 'ill be very economical, only having meat twice a week—salt fish the other days—but it will always be dinner."

"What ails you at tea-dinner, John? it's very tasty and homely."

"It's wicked, auntie, and has done more injury to religion than drinking. No, I'm not joking—that is a childish habit—but giving utterance to profound truth, which ought to be proclaimed on the house-tops, or perhaps in the kitchens.

"Let me explain, and I'll make it as plain as day—all heresy is just bad thinking, and that comes from bad health, and the foundation of health is food. A certain number of tea dinners would make a man into a Plymouth Brother. It's a mere question of time.

"You see if a man's digestion is good he takes a cheerful view of things; but if he is full of bile, then he is sure that everybody is going to be lost except himself and his little set, and that's heresy. Apologetics is just dietetics; now there's an epigram made for you on the spot, and you don't know what it means, so we 'ill have a walk instead."

His aunt knew what was coming, but was too late to resist, so she was twice taken round the room for exercise, till she cried out for mercy, and was left to rest while Carmichael went out to get an appetite for that dinner.

Nothing was said during its progress, but when Sarah had finally departed after her first triumph, won under every adverse circumstance of strangeness and limited resources, Carmichael took his aunt's hand and kissed it.

"It is an illuminated address you deserve, auntie, for such a paragon; as it is, I shall be the benefactor of a Presbytery, asking the men up by turns on fast-days, and sending them home speechless with satisfaction."

"Sarah was always a clever woman; if she had only——" But Carmichael heard not, in his boyish excitement of householding.

"Clever is a cold word for such genius. Mark my words, there is not a manse in Perthshire that shall not sound with the praise of Sarah. I vow perpetual celibacy on the spot. No man would dream of marrying that had the privilege of such a housekeeper."

"Ye're a silly laddie, John; but some day a fair face will change a' yir life, an' if she be a good wumman like your mother, I'll thank God."

"No woman can be compared with her," and the minister sobered. "You and she have spoiled me for other women, and now you have placed me beyond temptation with such a cook."

So it came to pass that Carmichael, who knew nothing about fine cooking till Sarah formed his palate with her cunning sauces, and, after all, cared as little what he ate as any other healthy young man, boasted of his housekeeper continually by skilful allusions, till the honest wives of his fathers and brethren were outraged and grew feline, as any natural woman will if a servant is flung in her face in this aggravating fashion.

"I'm glad to hear you're so well pleased, Mr. Carmichael," Mrs. MacGuffie would say, who was full of advice, and fed visitors on the produce of her garden, "but no man knows comfort till he marries. It's a chop one day and a steak the next all the year round—nothing tasty or appetising; and as for his shirts, most bachelors have to sew on their own buttons. Ah, you all pretend to be comfortable, but I know better, for Mr. MacGuffie has often told me what he suffered."

Whereat Carmichael would rage furiously, and then, catching sight of MacGuffie, would bethink him of a Christian revenge. MacGuffie is invited up to a day of humiliation—Sarah receiving for once *carte blanche*—and after he has powerfully exhorted the people from the words, "I am become like a bottle in the smoke," he was conducted to the manse in an appropriately mournful condition, and set down at the table. He was inclined to dwell on the decadence of Disruption principles during soup, but as the dinner advanced grew wonderfully cheerful, and being installed in an arm-chair with a cup of decent coffee beside him, sighed peacefully, and said, "Mr. Carmichael, you have much cause for thankfulness." Mr. MacGuffie had not come to the age of sixty, however, without learning something, and he only gave his curious spouse to understand that Carmichael had done all in his power

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"MR. CARMICHAEL, YOU HAVE MUCH CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS."

to make his guest comfortable, and was not responsible for his servant's defects.

Ladies coming with their husbands to visit the manse, conceived a prejudice against Sarah on the general ground of dislike to all housekeepers as a class of servants outside of any mistress's control, and therefore apt to give themselves airs, and especially because this one had a subtle suggestion of independent personality that was all the more irritating because it could not be made plain to the dull male intelligence, which was sadly deceived.

"What a lucky man Carmichael is on his first venture!" Even Dr. Dowbiggin, of St. Columba's, Muirtown, grew enthusiastic to his wife in the privacy of their bedchamber on a sacramental visit, and every one knows that the Doctor was a responsible man, ministering to four Bailies and making "overtures" to the Assembly, beginning with "Whereas" and ending with "Venerable House." "I am extremely pleased to see . . . everything so nice."

"You mean, James, that you have had a good dinner, far too ambitious for a young minister's table. Did you ever see an entrée on a Disruption table, or dessert with finger glasses? I call it sinful—for the minister of Drumtochty, at least; and I don't believe he was ever accustomed to such ways. If she attended to his clothes, it would set her better than cooking French dishes. Did you see the coat he was wearing at the station?—just like a gamekeeper. But it is easy for a woman to satisfy a man; give him something nice to eat, and he 'ill ask no more."

"So far as my recollection serves me, Maria"—the Doctor was ruffled, and fell into his public style—"I made no reference to food, cooked or uncooked, and perhaps I may be allowed to say that it is not a subject one thinks of . . . at such seasons. What gave me much satisfaction was to see one of our manses so presentable; as regards the housekeeper, so far as I had an opportunity of observing, she seemed a very capable woman indeed," and the Doctor gave one of his coughs, which were found most conclusive in debate.

"It's easy to be a man's servant," retorted Mrs. Dowbiggin, removing a vase of flowers from the dressing-table with contempt, "for they never look below the surface. Did you notice her hands, as white and smooth as a lady's? You may be sure there's little scrubbing and brushing goes on in this manse."

"How do you know, Maria?"—the Doctor was weakening. "You have never been in the house before."

"We 'ill soon see that, James, though I daresay it would never occur to a man to do such a thing. Did you ever look below the bed?"

"Never," replied the Doctor, promptly, who was not constructed to stoop, "and I am not going to begin after that . . . ah . . . this evening, with work before me to-morrow. But I would be glad to see you."

"I have done so every night of my life

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for fear of robbers, and the dust I've seen in strange houses—it's there you can tell a good servant," and Mrs. Dowbiggin nodded with an air of great sagacity.

"Well," demanded the Doctor, anxiously watching the operation, "guilty or not guilty?"

"She knew what I would do. I hate those sharp women;" and then the Doctor grew so eloquent over uncharitable judgments and unreasonable prejudices that his wife denounced Sarah bitterly as a "cunning woman who got on the blind side of gentlemen."

Her popularity with Carmichael's friends was beyond question, for though she was a reserved woman, with no voluntary conversation, they all sent messages to her, enquired for her well-being at Fast-days, and brought her gifts of handkerchiefs, gloves, and such like. When they met at Theologicals and Synods they used to talk of Sarah with unction—till married men were green with envy—being simple fellows and helpless in the hands of elderly females of the Meiklewham genus. For there are various arts by which a woman, in Sarah's place, wins a man's gratitude, and it may be admitted that one is skilful cooking. Sensible and book-reading men do not hunger for six courses, but they are critical about their toast and . . . nothing more, for that is the pulse. Then a man also hates to have any fixed hour for breakfast—never thinking of houses where they have prayers at 7.50 without a shudder—but a man hates to be kept waiting five minutes for dinner. If a woman will find his belongings, which he has scattered over three rooms and the hall, he invests her with many virtues, and if she packs his portmanteau, he will associate her with St. Theresa. But if his hostess be inclined to discuss problems with him, he will receive her name with marked coldness; and if she follow up this trial with evil food, he will conceive a rooted dislike for her, and will flee her house. So simple is a man.

When Sarah proposed to Carmichael that she should prepare breakfast when he rung for his hot water, and when he never caught a hint of reproach on her face though he sat up to three and came down at eleven, he was lifted, hardly believing that such humanity could be found among women, who always seemed to have a time-table they were carrying out the livelong day.

"The millennium is near at hand," said MacQueen, when the morning arrangements of the Free Kirk manse of Drumtochty were made known to him—MacQueen, who used to arrive without so much as a nightshirt, having left a trail of luggage behind him at various junctions, and has written books so learned that no one dares to say that he has not read them. Then he placed an ounce of shag handy, and Carmichael stoked the fire, and they sat down, with Beaton, who could refer to the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas from beginning to end, and they discussed the Doctrine of Scripture in the Fathers, and the formation of the Canon, and the authorship of the Pentateuch till two in the study. Afterward they went to MacQueen's room to hear him on the Talmud, and next adjourned to Beaton's room, who offered a series of twelve preliminary observations on the Theology of Rupert of Deutz, whereupon his host promptly put out his candle, leaving that man of supernatural memory to go to bed in the dark; and as Carmichael pulled up the blind in his own room, the day was breaking and a blackbird had begun to sing. Next afternoon Beaton had resumed his observations on Rupert, but now they were lying among the heather on the side of Glen Urtach, and Carmichael was asleep, while MacQueen was thinking that they would have a good appetite for dinner that evening.

Sarah had only one fault to find with her master, and that was his Bohemian dress; but since it pleased him to go one button less through studied carelessness, she let him have his way; and as for everything else, she kept her word to his aunt, and saw that he wanted for nothing, serving him with perpetual thoughtfulness and swift capacity.

Little passed between them except a good-natured word or two from him and her courteous answer, but she could read him as a book, and when he came home that day from Muirtown she saw he was changed. He was slightly flushed, and he could not sit still, wandering in and out his study till dinner-time. He allowed the soup to cool, and when she came in with sweets he had barely touched his cutlet.

"It is the sauce you like, sir," with some reproach in her voice.

"So it is, Sarah—and first rate." Then he added suddenly, "Can you

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put a button on this coat to-night, and give it a good brush?"

In the evening Sarah went down to post a letter, and heard the talk, how Miss Carnegie had come home with the General, and was worthy of her house; how the minister also had driven up with her from Muirtown; and on her return she did her best by the coat, handling it very kindly, and singing softly to herself "Robin Adair."

Next morning he came down in his blacks—the worst-made suit ever seen on a man, ordered to help a village tailor at his home—and announced his intention of starting after lunch for Saunderson's manse, beyond Tochty woods, where he would stay all night.

"He will call on the way down, and, if he can, coming back," Sarah said to herself, as she watched him go, "but it's a pity he should go in such a coat; it might have been put together with a pitchfork. It only makes the difference greater, and 'tis wider than he knows already. And yet a woman can marry beneath her without loss; but for a man it is ruin."

She went up to his room and made it neat, which was ever in disorder on his leaving, and then she went to a western window and looked into the far distance.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A WOMAN OF THE FORMER DISPENSATION.

EVERY Sabbath at eleven o'clock, or as soon thereafter as the people were seated—consideration was always shown to distant figures coming down from the high glen—Carmichael held what might be called High Mass in the Free Kirk. Nothing was used in praise but the Psalms of David, with an occasional Paraphrase sanctioned by usage and sound teaching. The prayers were expected to be elaborate in expression and careful in statement, and it was then that they prayed for the Queen and Houses of Parliament. And the sermon was the event to which the efforts of the minister and the thoughts of the people had been moving for the whole week. No person was absent except through sore sickness or urgent farm duty; nor did rain or snow reduce the congregation by more than ten people, very old or very young. Carmichael is now minister of a West End kirk, and, it is freely rumoured in Drumtochty, has preached before Lords of Session; but he has never been more nervous than facing that handful of quiet, impenetrable, critical faces in his first kirk. When the service was over, the people broke into little bands that disappeared along the west road, and over the moor, and across the Tochty. Carmichael knew each one was reviewing his sermon head by head, and, pacing his garden, he remembered the missing points with dismay.

It was the custom of the Free Kirk minister to go far afield of a summer evening, and to hold informal services in distant parts of the parish. This was the joy of the day to him, who was really very young and hated all conventionalities even unto affectation. He was never weary of complaining that he had to wear a gown, which was continually falling back and being hitched over with impatient motions, and the bands, which he could never tie, and were, he explained to a horrified beadle in Muirtown, an invention of Satan to disturb the preacher's soul before his work. Once, indeed, he dared to appear without his trappings, on the plea of heat, but the visible dismay and sorrow of the people was so great—some failing to find the Psalm till the first verse had been sung—that he perspired freely and forgot the middle head of his discourse.

"It's a mercy," remarked Mrs. Macfadyen to Burnbrae afterward, "that he didna play that trick when there wes a bairn tae be baptised. It wudna hae been lichtsome for its fouk; a'body wants a properly ordained minister. Ye 'ill gie him a hint, Burnbrae, for he's young and fordersome (rash), but gude stuff for a' his pliskies (frolics)."

No one would have liked to see the sacred robes in the places of evening worship, and Carmichael threw all forms to the winds—only drawing the line, with great regret and some searchings of heart, at his tweed jacket. His address for these summer evening gather-

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ings he studied as he went through the fragrant pine woods or over the moor by springy paths that twisted through the heather, or along near cuts that meant leaping little burns and climbing of dykes whose top stones were apt to follow your heels with embarrassing attachment. Here and there the minister would stop as a trout leapt in a pool, or a flock of wild duck crossed the sky to Loch Sheuchie, or the cattle thrust inquisitive noses through some hedge, as a student snatches a mouthful from some book in passing. For these walks were his best study; when thinking of his people in their goodness and simplicity, and touched by nature at her gentlest, he was freed from many vain ideas of the schools and from artificial learning, and heard the Galilean speak as He used to do among the fields of corn. He came on people going in the same direction, but they only saluted, refraining even from the weather, since the minister's thoughts must not be disturbed, and they were amazed to notice that he stooped to pluck a violet in the wood. His host would come a little way to meet him and explain the arrangements that had been made for a kirk. Sometimes the meeting-place was the granary of the farm, with floor swept clean and the wooden shutters opened for light, where the minister preached against a mixed background of fanners, corn measures, piles of sacks, and spare implements of the finer sort; and the congregation, who had come up a ladder cautiously like hens going to roost —being severally warned about the second highest step—sat on bags stuffed with straw, boards resting on upturned pails, while a few older folk were accommodated with chairs, and some youngsters disdained not the floor. It was pleasanter in the barn, a cool, lofty, not unimpressive place of worship, with its mass of golden straw and its open door through which various kindly sounds of farm life came in and strange visitors entered. The collies, most sociable of animals, would saunter in and make friendly advances to Carmichael reading a chapter; then, catching their master's eye and detecting no encouragement, would suddenly realise that they were at kirk, and compose themselves to sleep—"juist like ony Christian," as Hillocks once remarked with envy, his own plank allowing no liberties—and never taking any part except in a hymn like

> "See the mighty host advancing,
> Satan leading on,"

which they regarded as recreation rather than worship.

It was also recalled for years that a pet lamb came into Donald Menzies' barn and wandered about for a while, and Carmichael told that pretty legend of St. Francis, how he saw a white lamb among the kids, and burst into tears at the sight, because it reminded him of Jesus among the sinners. Indeed, these services were very extemporaneous, with hymns instead of psalms, and sermons without divisions. Carmichael also allowed himself illustrations from the life around, and even an anecdote at a time, which was all the more keenly relished that it would have been considered a confession of weakness in a regular sermon. He has been heard to say that he came nearer the heart of things once or twice in the barns than he has ever done since, not even excepting that famous course of sermons every one talked about last year, "The Analysis of Doubt," which almost converted two professors to Christianity, and were heard by the editor of the *Caledonian* in the disguise of a street preacher. It was also pleasantly remembered for long in the parish that Dr. Davidson appeared one evening in Donald Menzies' barn and joined affably in the "Sweet Bye and Bye." Afterward, being supplied with a large armchair, he heard the address with much attention—nodding approval four times, if not five—and pronouncing the benediction with such impressiveness that Donald felt some hesitation in threshing his last stack in the place next day. The Doctor followed up this visit with an exhortation from the pulpit on the following Sabbath, in which he carefully distinguished such services by an ordained minister, although held in a barn, from unlicensed Plymouthistic gatherings held in corn rooms—this at Milton's amateur efforts —and advised his people in each district to avail themselves of "my friend Mr. Carmichael's excellent ministrations," which Papal Bull, being distributed to the farthest corner of the parish before nightfall, greatly lifted the Free Kirk and sweetened the blood of the Glen for years. It seemed to me, watching things in Drumtochty during those days with

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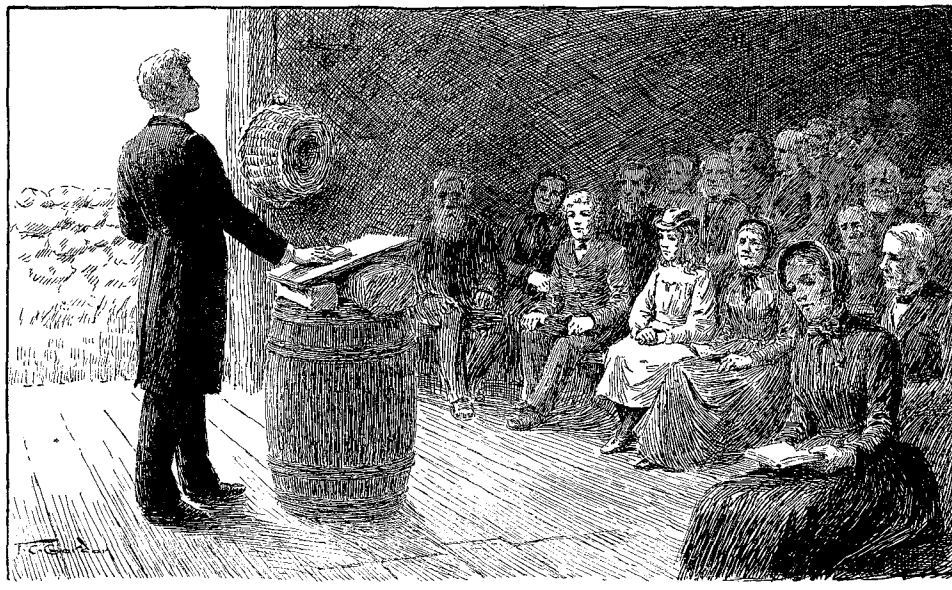
an impartial mind, that the Doctor, with his care for the poor, his sympathy for the oppressed, his interest in everything human, his shrewd practical wisdom, and his wide toleration, was the very ideal of the parish clergyman. He showed me much courtesy while I lived in the Cottage, although I did not belong to his communion, and as my imagination reconstructs the old parish of a winter night by the fire, I miss him as he used to be on the road, in the people's homes, in his pulpit, among his books, and ever an honourable and kind-hearted gentleman.



"CARMICHAEL SANG A SOLO."

One evening a woman came into Donald Menzies' barn just before the hour of service, elderly, most careful in her widow's dress, somewhat austere in expression, but very courteous in her manner. No one recognised her at the time, but she was suspected to be the forerunner of the Carnegie household, and Donald offered her a front seat. She thanked him for his good-will, but asked for a lower place, greatly delighting him by a reference to the parable wherein the Master rebuked the ambitious Pharisees who scrambled for chief seats. Their accent showed of what blood they both were, and that their Gaelic had still been mercifully left them, but they did not use it because of their perfect breeding, which taught them not to speak a foreign tongue in this place. So the people saw Donald offer her a hymn-book and heard her reply:

"It iss not a book that I will be using, and it will be a peety to take it from other people;" nor would she stand at the singing, but sat very rigid and with closed lips. When Carmichael, who had a pleasant tenor voice and a good ear, sang a solo, then much tasted in such meetings, she arose and left the place, and the minister thought he had never seen anything more uncompromising than her pale set face.

It was evident that she was Free Kirk and of the Highland persuasion, which was once over-praised and then has been over-blamed, but is never understood by the Lowland mind; and as Carmichael found that she had come to live in the cottage at the entrance to the Lodge, he looked in on his way home. She was sitting at a table reading the Bible, and her face was more hostile than in the meeting; but she received him with much politeness, dusting a chair and praying him to be seated.

"You have just come to the district to reside, I think? I hope you will like our Glen."

"It wass here that I lived long ago, but I hef been married and away with

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my mistress many years, and there are not many that will know me."

"But you are not of Drumtochty blood?" enquired the minister.

"There iss not one drop of Sassenach blood in my veins"—this with a sudden flash. "I am a Macpherson and my husband wass a Macpherson; but we hef served the house of Carnegie for three generations."

"You are a widow, I think, Mrs. Macpherson?" and Carmichael's voice took a tone of sympathy. "Have you any children?"

"My husband iss dead, and I had one son, and he iss dead also; that iss all, and I am alone;" but in her voice there was no weakening.

"Will you let me say how sorry I am?" pleaded Carmichael; "this is a great grief, but I hope you have consolations."

"Yes, I will be having many consolations; they both died like brave men with their face to the enemy. There were six that did not feel fery well before Ian fell; he could do good work with the sword as well as the bayonet, and he wass not bad with the dirk at a time."

Neither this woman nor her house were like anything in Drumtochty, for in it there was a buffet for dishes, and a carved chest and a large chair, all of old black oak; and above the mantelpiece two broadswords were crossed, with a circle of war medals beneath on a velvet ground, flanked by two old pistols.

"I suppose those arms have belonged to your people, Mrs. Macpherson; may I look at them?"

"They are not anything to be admiring, and it wass not manners that I should hef been boasting of my men. It iss a pleasant evening and good for walking."

"You were at the meeting, I think?" and Carmichael tried to get nearer this iron woman. "We were sorry you had to go out before the end. Did you not feel at home?"

"I will not be accustomed to the theatre, and I am not liking it instead of the church."

"But surely there was nothing worse in my singing alone than praying alone?" and Carmichael began to argue like a Scotchman, who always fancies that people can be convinced by logic, and forgets that many people, Celts in especial, are ruled by their heart and not by their head; "do you see anything wrong in one praising God aloud in a hymn, as the Virgin Mary did?"

"It iss the Virgin Mary you will be coming to next, no doubt, and the Cross and the Mass, like the Catholics, although I am not saying anything against them, for my mother's cousins four times removed were Catholics, and fery good people. But I am a Presbyterian, and do not want the Virgin Mary."

Carmichael learned at that moment what it was to argue with a woman, and he was to make more discoveries in that department before he came to terms with the sex, and would have left in despair had it not been for an inspiration of his good angel.

"Well, Mrs. Macpherson, I didn't come to argue about hymns, but to bid you welcome to the Glen and to ask for a glass of water, for preaching is thirsty work."

"It iss black shame I am crying on myself for sitting here and offering you neither meat nor drink," and she was stung with regret in an instant. "It iss a little spirits you will be tasting, and this iss Talisker which I will be keeping for a friend, for whiskey iss not for women."

She was full of attention, but when Carmichael took milk instead of whiskey, her suspicions revived, and she eyed him again.

"You are not one of those new people I am hearing of in the Lowlands that are wiser than the fery Apostles?"

"What people?" and Carmichael trembled for his new position.

"'Total abstainers' they will call themselves," and the contempt in her accent was wonderful.

"No, I am not," Carmichael hastened to reassure his hostess; "but there are worse people than abstainers in the world. I will stick to the milk, if you please."

"You will take what you please," and she was again mollified; "but the great ministers always had their tasting after preaching; and I hef heard one of them say that it wass a sin to despise the Lord's mercies. You will be taking another glass of milk and resting a little."

"This hospitality reminds me of my mother, Mrs. Macpherson." Carmichael was still inspired, and was, indeed, now in full sail. "She was a Highland wom-

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an, and had the Gaelic. She sometimes called me Ian instead of John."

"When you wass preaching about the shepherd finding the sheep, I wass wondering how you had the way to the heart, and I might have been thinking, oh yes, I might have known"—all the time Janet was ever bringing something new out of the cupboard, though Carmichael only sipped the milk. "And what wass your mother's name?"

"Farquharson; her people came from Braemar; but they are all dead now, and I am the last of the race."

"A good clan," cried Janet, in great spirits, "and a loyal; they were out with the Macphersons in the '45. Will you happen to know whether your ancestor suffered?"

"That he did, for he shot an English officer dead on his doorstep, and had to flee the country; it was not a pretty deed."

"Had the officer broken bread with him?" enquired Janet, anxiously.

"No, he had come to quarter himself and his men on him, and said something rude about the Prince."

"Your ancestor gave him back his word like a gentleman; but he would maybe hef to stay away for a while. Wass he of the chief's blood?"

"Oh no, just a little laird, and he lost his bit of land, and we never saw the place again."

"He would be a Dunniewassal, and proud it iss I am to see you in my house; and the Gaelic, will you hef some words?"

"Just the sound of it, Mrs. Macpherson," and he repeated his three sentences, all that he had learned of his mother, who had become a Scotchwoman in her speech.

"Call me Janet, my dear; and it iss the good Gaelic your mother must have had, and it makes my heart glad to think my minister iss a Farquharson, by the mother's side."

"We sing nothing but Psalms at church, Mrs. . . . Janet, so you will be pleased, and we stand to pray and sit to sing."

"Tuts, tuts, I am not minding about a bit hymn at a time from a friend, but it iss those Lowlanders meddling with everything I do not like, and I am hoping to hear you sing again, for it wass a fery pretty tune;" and the smith, passing along the road when Carmichael left that evening, heard Janet call him "my dear," and invoke a thousand blessings on his head.

When he called again in the end of the week to cement the alliance and secure her presence on Sabbath, Janet was polishing the swords, and was willing enough to give their history.

"This wass my great-grandfather's, and these two nicks in the blade were made on the dragoons at Prestonpans; and this wass my husband's sword, for he wass sergeant-major before he died, a fery brave man, good at the fighting and the praying too.

"Maybe I am wrong, and I do not know what you may be thinking, but things come into my mind when I am reading the Bible, and I will be considering that it wass maybe not so good that the Apostles were fishing people."

"What ails you at fishermen, Janet?"

"Nothing at all but one thing; they are clever at their nets and at religion, but I am not hearing that they can play with the sword or the dirk.

"It wass fery good intention that Peter had that night, no doubt, and I will be liking him for it when he took his sword to the policeman, but it wass a mighty poor blow. If Ian or his father had got as near as that, it would not have been an ear that would have been missing."

"Perhaps his head," suggested Carmichael.

"He would not have been putting his nose into honest people's business again, at any rate," and Janet nodded her head as one who could see a downright blow that left no regrets; "it hass always made me ashamed to read about that ear.

"It wass not possible, and it iss maybe no good speaking about it now"—Janet felt she had a minister now she could open her mind to—"but it would hef been better if our Lord could hef had twelve Macphersons for His Apostles."

"You mean they would have been more brave and faithful?"

"There wass a price of six thousand pounds, or it might be four, put on Cluny's head after Culloden, and the English soldiers were all up and down the country, but I am not hearing that any clansman betrayed his chief.

"Thirty pieces of silver wass a fery small reward for such a dirty deed, and

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him one of the Chief's tail too ; it wass a mistake to be trusting to fisher folk instead of Glen's men.

"There iss something I hef wished," concluded Janet, who seemed to have given her mind to the whole incident, "that Peter or some other man had drawn his skean-dhu and slippit it quietly into Judas. We would hef been respecting him fery much to-day, and it would hef been a good lesson—oh yes, a fery good lesson—to all traitors."

As they got more confidential, Janet began to speak of signs and dreams, and Carmichael asked her if she had the second sight.

"No ; it iss not a lie I will be telling you, my dear, nor will I be boasting. I have not got it, nor had my mother, but she heard sounds, oh yes, and knew what wass coming to pass.

"'Janet,' she would say, 'I have heard the knock three times at the head of the bed ; it will be your Uncle Alister, and I must go to see him before he dies.'"

"And was she——"

"Oh yes, she wass in time, and he wass expecting her ; and once she saw the shroud begin to rise on her sister, but no more ; it never covered the face before her eyes ; but the knock, oh yes, many times."

"Have you known any one that could tell what was happening at a distance, and gave warning of danger?" for the latent Celt was awakening in Carmichael, with his love of mystery and his sense of the unseen.

"Listen, my dear"—Janet lowered her voice as one speaking of sacred things—"and I will tell you of Ina Macpherson, who lived to a hundred and two, and had the vision clear and sure.

"In the great war with Russia I wass staying in the clachan of my people, and then seven lads of our blood were with the Black Watch, and every Sabbath the minister would pray for them and the rest of the lads from Badenoch that were away at the fighting.

"One day Ina came into my sister's house, and she said, 'It is danger that I am seeing,' and my heart stood still in my bosom for fear that it wass my own man Hamish.

"'No,' and she looked at me, 'not yet, and not to-day,' but more she would not say about him. 'Is it my son Ronald?' my sister cried, and Ina only looked before her. 'It's a sore travail, and round a few black tartans I see many men in grey, pressing them hard ; ochone, ochone.'

"'It's time to pray,' I said, and there wass a man in the clachan that wass mighty in prayer, and we gathered into his kitchen, four and twenty women and four men, and every one had a kinsman in the field.

"It iss this minute that I hear Dugald crying to the Almighty, 'Remember our lads, and be their help in the day of battle, and give them the necks of their enemies,' and he might be wrestling for half an hour, when Ina rose from her knees and said, 'The prayer is answered, for the tartans have the field, and I see blood on Ronald, but it is not his own.'"

"And did you ever hear——"

"Wait, my dear, and I will tell you, for the letter came from my nephew, and this is what he wrote :

"'It wass three to one, and the gloom came on me, for I thought that I would never see Glenfeshie again, nor the water of the loch, nor the deer on the side of the hill. Then I wass suddenly strengthened with all might in the inner man, and it iss five Russians that I hef killed to my own hands.'

"And so it wass, and a letter came from his captain, who wass of Cluny's blood, and it will be read in church, and a fery proud woman wass my sister."

These were the stories that Janet told to her minister in the days before the Carnegies came home, as well as afterward, and so she prepared him to be an easier prey to a soldier's daughter.

*(To be continued.)*

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# PARIS LETTER.

A good deal of curiosity has been expressed in French literary circles about the new Poet Laureate and his works, and I am getting quite tired of hearing the question : "Qu'est-ce donc cet Austin ?" Alphonse Daudet is exulting to hear that in many places in England dissatisfaction with the choice of the Government is being expressed, as he believes that this may lead to the abolition of the office, which, he says, is as much an absurdity in England as the Academy is in France. "Literature has nothing to do with these masquerades," he says, sharing with all other Frenchmen the idea that the Poet Laureate goes about perpetually in Court attire. "Les jeunes" are indignant at the selection, for, unfamiliar as they are with English literature, they had decided that Swinburne was the man for the place. As a matter of fact, the office had been conferred on Swinburne years ago by Victor Hugo, who never spoke of him after his visit to the Avenue Victor Hugo, otherwise than as *le lauréat futur*. One is reminded of this in reading the references to Mr. Alfred Austin, in which Hugo's famous antithesis of the two Napoleons is parodied in reference to the two Alfreds, and knowing Hugo as I did, I can safely say that had he been living, much as he would have preferred that honour should have been done to Swinburne, he would have condemned this parody. I remember his speaking one night at dinner on the cruelty of harsh criticism on poets. "We are children," he said, "and as sensitive as such." He also once warned me never to injure a man's *amour-propre*. "The wound never heals," he said ; and this is quite true. That is why I think that Hugo would have been the first to condemn the brutally unkind attacks which have been made in the press on Mr. Austin. What satisfaction can any one gain in hurting this gentleman's feelings ? The sport is unmanly and in abominable taste.

In France there is no official laureateship, but an unofficial one, certainly ; and it is held by him whom his fellow-poets consider "le maître." Until a month ago poor Verlaine held this post, to which has now succeeded the poet Stéphane Mallarmé. For him Verlaine had a very high esteem. In his presence his somewhat disdainful manner was laid aside, and he never tired amongst his disciples of holding up Mallarmé as an example and a model. It is certainly Stéphane Mallarmé who today is looked upon as France's premier poet. This position he has attained in spite of the fact that he has published (in the ordinary sense of the word) but very little. His principal works were indeed printed in the smallest number of copies possible, for private circulation and not for sales. Such of his work as has been given to the public has been published in the small magazines of *les jeunes*, magazines of the smallest circulation, which are never seen by any one outside the literary coteries by whom they are inspired. In England such a man would be totally unknown outside the circle of his friends. Yet in France the name of Mallarmé is known to every man and woman of any culture, from Nieppe to Nice. That is because the interest in literary matters, which in England is only relative, is paramount in France. Mallarmé, I may add, literally talked himself into fame, before he had even published anything in the small way in which he did publish. For years he held each week, in his tiny apartment, one night, open house. Anybody interested in literature was a welcome guest. Punch was provided, and those who could not find chairs leaned against the walls. During the whole of these delightful receptions Mallarmé, standing with his back to the stove, would talk, an admirable *causerie* on the poets and the poetry of the day. Now and again he would give a poem of his own. It was Academy on the fourth floor of a Hausmann house. In this way he gradually became known all over France as a great poet, and his very reserve, beyond the walls of his house, added to the public interest taken in his personality. His character is a noble one. He lives for his art alone, in honourable poverty, disdainful as he is of all money-making practices. Yet his life is one of keen pleasure. He delights in style. To form a well-turned phrase is his sincere enjoyment. He

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never allows his pen to run. The most trivial writings of his, acceptances of invitations, and so forth, are exquisitely and, no doubt, laboriously turned. As an artist he is indeed an example.

I understand that it is hoped in many quarters by Verlaine's friends that his literary executors will use the greatest discretion as to his unpublished manuscripts, and that no commercial spirit will guide them in deciding on what to publish. Enough matter was left behind to form several volumes, but much of it—so it is said—would better be left unpublished if the poet's fame is to be considered rather than his creditors.

Mr. Rowland Strong, the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*, has written a novel which will very shortly be published by Mr. John Lane. The story deals with life in Paris. Mr. Strong is brother to the gifted Oriental scholar of the same name, and through his mother is descended from Chateaubriand.

My practice of appending my address to my letters, a practice which I think ought to be generally adopted by writers of articles which contain critical and personal remarks, brings me each month a number of strange communications from strangers. A few days ago I received by the same post two letters which are typical of this correspondence. One came from Milan and was an expostulation on "the vulgarity" of writing Guy de Maupassant's name as De Maupassant. My correspondent quoted Boileau, and said that I ought to know better. She concluded her letter with the remark, "You will think that I am an old governess, but I am not," and she signed herself "Clarissa." It was the letter of a lady (save for its anonymity) and scholarly withal. The second communication may be quoted *in extenso*. I think it is typical of the faith of certain in the altruistic doctrine :

"I read your letter to the BOOKMAN each month, and from them learning that you seem to be in corresponding with the famous men of the world I, although, it is exceedingly 'cheeky' thought that you might have, or get me, the signatures of various authors which you would not grudge to a poor, discouraged isolated collector like myself. If you wish to confer a favour deserving of life-long gratitude, Do this and command . . . ."

In spite of this appeal *ad misericordiam*, life is too short for a poor publicist to act as the agent of strangers with a taste for the collection of autographs.

"Clarissa," by the way, was quite right. "De" Maupassant is as wrong as would be "of" Newcastle, "of" Manchester, "of" Chesterfield, in speaking of the peers of those names. Balzac discarded the "de" altogether, except during the short period in which (just before his unfortunate marriage) he blossomed out as a boulevardier, and drew down on himself, in *La Canne de Monsieur de Balzac* the ridicule of Delphine Gay. But one is proud of one's literary heroes and likes to give them every possible honour, even social and titular, and it is in this spirit that I got into the habit of speaking and writing of *de* Maupassant and *de* Balzac.

Speaking of names reminds me of the publication in a London daily of a somewhat ill-mannered review of a work on contemporary French poets of the young generation, in which sport was made of certain of their names. The fact is that many of these names are strange, but as they are all genuine, not assumed, patronymics, comment upon them is not perhaps in the very best taste. A very prominent French critic once got severely rapped over the knuckles for a similar piece of criticism. In reviewing some poems by young M. Yvanhoë de Rambosson he asked, with chuckles, whether it was possible to conceive a more pretentious, an absurder pseudonym. The laugh was turned against him by the production and publication of the young poet's baptismal certificate.

M. Paul Bourget is almost as much a Londoner, nowadays, as he is a Parisian. He is constantly crossing the Channel, and is a familiar figure in Piccadilly. In fact he has always had a feeling of tenderness for England, since the days when with his letters on Oxford, he first attracted attention to his literary superiority. And Taine had taught him to admire English literature, on which Paul Bourget is perhaps, since Taine's death, the best-informed man in France.

It has been stated, and in some quarters the statement has been denied, that Verlaine once wrote to Messrs. Macmillan to ask permission to translate certain of Tennyson's poems. This is a fact, as I am able to vouch for, as I was present when the idea first came to Verlaine, and saw the letter to the London

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publishers written. It was never answered, and France is the poorer. Verlaine specially admired "The Dream of Fair Women," and it was this poem that suggested the application. I remember his saying—though I could not agree with him—that it reminded one of poor Gerard de Nervals's poem, "Où sont nos amoureuses ?"

*Robert H. Sherard.*

123 Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

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## THE CARE-CAT.

Care is a Cat with yellow eyes
A-blinking mildly in the sun,
Content to slumber where she lies,
Or quick, on our approach, to run.

But at the closing in of night
She arrogates a bolder mien,
And, with a courage born of fright,
She bristles up, with eyes a-green.

She then runs riot where she will,
Nor heeds on whom she makes attack,
And when repulsed she ventures still
To come, persistent, mewing back.

And though the rivers, to their brink
Were filled with wine, full flooding down—
There is not depth enough in drink,
Or strength in wine, that cat to drown.

She will not drown—she will not die ;
She seems to have nine curséd lives :
And 'spite of what defence we try
Her grim malevolence survives.

So, when the Care-Cat, at my door,
Comes prowling 'round to seek her prey,
I look for help where heretofore
Far wiser men have found a way.

I turn me to my Books, and there
I find no evil thing to dread :
They banish all the kin of care
And give their own delights instead.

That Devil's imp they exorcise,
As with a charm from Heaven sent,—
And tamely at my feet she lies
And purrs, subdued and somnolent.

*W. D. Ellwanger.*

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# NEW BOOKS.

## THE DRIFT TOWARD WAR.*

It is a perfectly safe prediction that those of us who shall live through another decade will see another great war added to the military records of the world. And we say this, not because of the great armaments of Europe and the constant preparation that is ever going on in its arsenals and armories, for these things are and at times have been compatible with an intense aversion to the necessity which prompts them. In both Germany and France during the ten years that immediately succeeded the war of 1870–71, only the grossest provocation could have driven the two peoples into a conflict, even though that period was also in both countries a period of incessant preparation. It is rather the feverishness of public sentiment and the growing interest in whatever relates to battle that make an explosion appear inevitable, and the feeling is as conspicuous in our own almost unprotected Republic as in the great military monarchies of Europe. There is, in fact, to-day among all the Western peoples a steady drift toward war, and the reasons of it are rather difficult to explain. The London *Spectator* lately put forth the theory that it is a craving for intense excitement such as at times seizes upon the individual man, and which is now infecting the nations of the earth. An individual may gratify this craving in many ways. He may find the necessary stimulus in love or in gaming or in drink; but for a nation there is only one great game that can thrill the nerves and give the fullest play to the emotions, and that game is war. It is, then, the *Spectator* thinks, the old passion for the arena that is now stirring the pulses of all highly civilized peoples and awakening in them the half-barbaric desire for battle.

A quarter of a century has passed by since the last great war was fought, for among great wars we cannot reckon the recent military promenade of the Japanese in China. In this long period a new generation has grown up that knows nothing of the horrors and privations of actual warfare, that cannot realise the ghastliness of its losses and the piercing sorrow that attends its agonies. The glory alone is visible to the eyes of the young, and even to men of maturer years the vividness of actual experience has been dimmed by time. In Europe there is the memory of old-time feuds, of wrongs to be set right, of losses to be recovered, of humiliations to be avenged. In America the flaming up of the war spirit is at once the manifestation of a certain elemental virility, and the nation's protest against the pettiness of our politics, the inanity of our fads, and the growing materialism of our lives. With such a universal eagerness for martial excitement pervading all of the great peoples of the earth, the actual explosion, in the course of human events, must be only a question of a little time.

There are those who look for the first great war in Eastern Asia, where Japan is now steadily preparing to meet the Russian on sea and land, and to avenge herself upon the power that arrogantly interposed to rob her of the fruits of her victory over China. Such a conflict does, to be sure, appear to be inevitable; but when it comes it will hardly rank with the great struggles of the past, for it will reveal the concentrated truth of Admiral Erben's phrase that the real factor in a war is to be found in "the man behind the gun." The Japanese may be brave; they may be equipped with all the appliances of modern military science; they may be animated by the intensest patriotic ardour; but when they finally face the Muscovite in battle, their exotic militarism will be crushed like an egg-shell; for it is merely formulating an elementary ethnic truth to say that the brown and the black and the yellow races alike can never hold their own when marshalled against white men. This is the teaching of all modern history in India, in China, and in Africa; and to the truth of it, also, our own short annals afford striking testimony in our war with Mexico. In that struggle of con-

* Ironclads in Action: Naval Warfare, 1855–1895. By H. W. Wilson. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $8.00.

Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By Slatin Pasha. New York: Edward Arnold. $5.00.

With Kelly to Chitral. By W. G. L. Beynon. New York: Edward Arnold.

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quest the Mexicans in every instance greatly outnumbered the American troops who met them. They were better drilled and better armed. They were fighting on ground of their own choosing, and in defence of their native soil against a foreign enemy. Moreover, in the United States the war was distinctly unpopular, so that even to this day, although it forms the most romantic episode in our military history, it has never yet secured an adequate chronicler; and it drew to our armies, outside of the South, only reluctant levies recruited largely from the ranks of the dissolute and worthless. Nevertheless, the Mexican troops, brave as they were and thoroughly well drilled and armed, were largely *mestizos*, men with a large infusion of Indian blood in their veins, and they never had the slightest chance against the very rawest and most ill-disciplined of our regiments; for though many of our soldiers were of the most unpromising description, they belonged to a race that fights, and that fights all the better in the face of odds. When Santa Anna with his twenty thousand Mexicans hemmed in the little American army of one fourth that number in the defiles of Buena Vista, a superficial person would have said that there was nothing for the invaders to do but to surrender; and Santa Anna very kindly sent word to the American commander to lay down his arms and avoid a purely hopeless battle. But that is not the way the Anglo-Saxon does things; and when night came down at the end of that bloody day, old Zachary Taylor had knocked the Mexican army into a cocked hat. The story was the same until the end. The Mexicans fortified the most impregnable positions; they outnumbered our little forces all through the campaign; and they fought like tiger-cats; but the law of nature was against them, so that our scanty battalions stormed their positions, battered down their fortresses, and walked all over their armies, until one fine day General Scott marched his men into the Grand Plaza of the Mexican capital, and placidly dictated thence the terms of a satisfactory peace.

This is rather a digression; but we were merely saying that the Japanese are not the people to carry out a great war against the men whose ancestors fought Napoleon without ever suffering a final and conclusive defeat; so that the tremendous struggle for which the world is looking must occur nearer home, between France and Germany, or Russia and England, or possibly between our own country and a European league organized to tear the Monroe doctrine in two, and thus to open up the waste places of the Western Hemisphere to European colonisation and domination.

That the trend to-day is everywhere toward war, there is no more striking proof than the extraordinary amount of space devoted by editors and publishers to the discussion of military themes. From the daily paper, with its speculation as to the comparative strength of different countries, and its sensational eagerness in catching up everything as a *casus belli*, to the magazines with their descriptions of the armies and navies of the world, and their imaginary pictures of the battles of the future, this one topic is universally conceded to be the theme that is sure to interest the reader; and we regard the remarkable and long-continued craze for Napoleonic reminiscences as symptomatic of the same general tendency. The volumes now before us are still further evidence, being, as they are, only specimens of a hundred others that equally exploit the warlike sentiment. Of the three, the first is by far the most instructive and entertaining, as it is the most elaborate. It has an introduction by Captain Mahan, whom the English have canonised as an almost inspired authority upon all that relates to naval strategy; and it gives in detail a description of each of the great naval events since 1855, including the sea-fights of our Civil War, of the battle of Lissa where the Austrians gave the *coup de grâce* to Italy's brand-new navy, the South American wars from 1865 to 1870, and the more recent conflicts in Chilean and Brazilian waters, the naval events of the Franco-German War and of the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–78, the British bombardment of Alexandria, the operations of the French navy against Tunis (1881) and China (1884–85), and the recent war between China and Japan. There are also chapters on catastrophes that have happened to ironclads, including the sinking of the *Victoria* by the *Camperdown* in 1893; on the naval warfare of the immediate future; and on the development of the battleship in England. The book is

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written with much literary skill, and while it is so full and scientific as to be invaluable to students of naval history, it is intensely interesting to the lay reader as well. We have read, in all, probably a score of narratives, for instance, of the epoch-making encounter between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, yet it is only fair to say that not one of them has seemed to us so stirring, so vivid, and so satisfactory as that which this English writer has here set down. The book is lavishly supplied with maps, plans, and tables, and with photogravures, to the number of nearly a hundred, illustrating the various types of modern ships, with a few depicting the most instructive naval battles. The arrangement of some of these pictures must be criticised; for why should a photograph of H. M. S. *Nile* be injected into the account of a battle of the American Civil War, except perhaps for the fancied necessity of having just so many illustrations to a given number of pages of text? And a diagram explaining the bombardment of Sfax is accompanied by a second diagram without any legend, which refers to the French attack upon Foochow three years later. We note also that the only modern American man-of-war selected for illustration is the cruiser *Chicago*, which is no fair representation of what has of late been done in the United States in the way of naval architecture.

The contents of the other books before us are sufficiently indicated by their titles, and are extremely readable, well printed, handsomely illustrated, and deserving of unqualified commendation to the general reader.

*H. T. P.*

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## MISS BARLOW'S NEW IDYLLS.*

Full-grown readers of fiction—and by these we mean such as read by the light of life's experience—sometimes nourish an almost deadly resentment against the many kindly writers who shut their eyes to hard facts, to the unpleasant consequences which would in life naturally follow the contact of the characters and circumstances they present, and who prefer to send their audience to rest to the sleepy tune of "All's Well," rather than give them a tonic view of the realities of the world. The resentment may be ill-judged and ungrateful, but it is genuine. Yet, we will dare to say, it has never been seriously felt towards one writer to-day who yet is pre-eminently of the amiable order, who never paints life's blackest spots, and whose belief in human goodness and beauty blossoming in the most unlikely places is inextinguishable. A current of sadness, it is true, runs beneath Miss Barlow's every story, the drollest, the lightsomest in theme. But, as brightness goes in this world, they are bright, and even optimistic. Real ugliness, treachery, foulness, despair in its wilder forms, are far away, and send hardly a rumour into Lisconnel. Yet real life remains, presented by a faithful witness, who has seen deeply, too, if she has not seen all. The name of optimist may be repudiated for her, whose stories are all gathered on the extremest verge of misery. But in effect she is one. And she is the only one to-day who gives you the feeling of no pedagogic suppression of truth "for your good," or no shallow ignorance of it.

Three things are responsible for this —Miss Barlow's instinctive attitude towards humanity; her purpose, unconsciously guided by her special ability; and her theme. The originals of the peasants of her stories have, in their milder moods, just that gentle courtesy towards life, that humorous understanding of the ways of fortune, that absence of material covetousness, that instinct for immaterial possessions that would always prevent a mere lack of comfort from appearing tragic to them, as it does to folks otherwise constituted—just those traits, in fact, to which her sympathy and interest go out by nature. These features she can treat, for her genius has made a long compact with her own kindliness and her most genuine humour. But she suppresses and distorts nothing. What there is worse to tell, of suffering, sin, and tragedy, she does not deny. A wilder Ireland sometimes whispers darkly in your ear when she stands you on a dreary bogland to watch with her. It is not hers to tell of —that is all. She is one voice singing true in a chorus. She does not commit the folly of dipping ugly things in rose-water. She does not emasculate life.

*Strangers at Lisconnel* goes mostly to

* Strangers at Lisconnel. A Second Series of Irish Idylls. By Jane Barlow. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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the tune of her former idylls. For the visitors in question were nothing so incongruous as tourists; they were no rank outsiders, but tinkers, whose home was there as much as anywhere else, and Mr. Polymathers, the simple scholar, and Christie Dermody, aged eighty and more, passing through in a huff and in a snowstorm, to seek his fortune somewhere in the wide world where they'd not affront him by offering him "boys' wages," and old, blind Mrs. Morrough on her way to the Union, resolved to take no charity in her decent maiden or married names, but under the fantastic one of Mrs. Skeffington Ylverton. Distinguished by fine shades only from the Lisconnel folk themselves, they yet serve to flutter these into self-revelations, and new stories are the result. We call these folks simple, but without warrant, unless when thinking of their household arrangements or material aspirations. They cannot pursue the scent of their interests so relentlessly as practical folks, who have advanced further in the arts of civilisation just because they are less complicated. Their sense of humour, or their prejudices, will be fighting against their interests on a hundred interesting occasions.

No, they are not simple, save in some few matters which can only be fully realised in the bigger world. "Honoris Causa" is a striking illustration of this truth. It is a masterly presentation of different minds and different motives playing a game together, the strongest feelings and the strongest motives checked and held mute by the complicated honour that makes even an honest move in self-interest seem not sensible but possibly base.

*A. M.*

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## MRS. BURNETT'S NEW BOOK.*

The most startling literary event of the month is the arrival of *A Lady of Quality*, whose character and exploits throw Arabella's and all other common persons' quite in the shade. And this, too, right in the midst of the alarm raised by *Jude the Obscure* sounding a tocsin at the least sign of immorality in fiction. A superior position in society gives her ladyship, of course, opportunities and advantages such as her meaner rivals have never enjoyed; and yet at the same time it is only fair to add that her supremacy seems to be owing less to fortune than to nature. Primarily the fine lady and the bar-maid stand much on a level, the difference in their careers consisting apparently in the greater number and variety of my lady's transgressions rather than in any visible dissimilarity of kind or method. There is no more gilding of supersubtle vice in the one case than in the other; the offences committed by both are about equally glaring and gross, and shock good taste as well as moral perception, like blows from a club.

In one respect, however, Madam differs from Arabella. She does not devote her undivided attention to the breaking of one of the commandments. That also is broken, 'tis true, but more incidentally, and in its turn with the others as it happens to interfere with her inclinations and plans. For, tempted probably by a larger territory than the narrow field of her rival's enterprises, this lady of quality attacks and succeeds in demolishing the greater part of the Decalogue. There may be an exception, but scarcely more than one or two. She remembers the Sabbath Day only to further worldly schemes; she honours not her father, nor her sisters, nor any living creature; she swears unceasingly until she learns that profanity is not the vogue; she lies, not economically, like Arabella, but prodigally to both friend and foe; she covets wealth and rank, and wins them by deceit crueler than Arabella's deception of Jude; she rids herself of an old lover when wanting a new one, not by brutal candour, as Arabella dismisses Jude, but by murdering him and concealing the crime.

So far, including even the murder, the work maintains an artistic semblance of reality. There is nothing unusual—more's the pity—in a woman's slaying the man who has led her astray, and it apparently happens oftenest in cases like this, in which she herself is not the least to blame. Some wretched woman at bay may also have laughed over the body of the lover whom she has slain, as this woman laughs, although the imagination shrinks from realising it. But beyond this there can be no further

*A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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claim to truth. Granting that many a wretched woman has killed her lover, no one of them all has yet gone on record as holding that by so doing she has blotted out her own shame. The belief that this can be done by the shedding of blood is still distinctively a male article of faith, and even then assumes the slaying to have been done at second hand. The avenger himself shrinks and shivers at the thought of the avenged taking his place. So that the subsequent argument making the murder committed by this lady of quality "the accomplishment of love's purification," and the primary, immediate, and permanent cause of the spiritual transfiguration of the murderess, is equally insane and pernicious. Let it be understood that there are no intermediate stages of anguish of mind and body, through the deep throes of which stricken souls may perhaps struggle toward the light. There is nothing of the kind —no fear, or repentance, or remorse, or retribution such as ordinary criminals are supposed to suffer. With the passing of her lover's breath she is represented as becoming a saint, radiating beauty and benevolence from that time on, as if by the taking of his evil life she had gained a new pure one for herself. Perfectly assured henceforth of the coveted position in this world and the next, the lady of quality continues her prayers and her prosperity through long-admired years to an honoured and epitaphed end. It would be ludicrous if it were not horrible. And it is with a shudder rather than with a smile that one reads the description of the look of the "Mother of Mary," which my lady's face wears when she holds in her arms the child of the husband whom she has basely deceived.

As for the literary aspect of the work, it does little if anything to redeem the feeling of the story. Had the book come from some unknown source it would hardly have been noticed by critical readers, its cloudy intention, its clumsy construction, its tiresome repetitions, its crab-like movement backward as often as forward, making the story almost twice as long as it would otherwise be, necessarily limiting its audience to those having more time than taste. But coming from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has written one great novel, several good ones, and one of the most exquisite of juvenile classics—what shall be said? What the work *seems* to be is plain enough; how to take it is altogether another and more complicated matter. To accept it seriously seems to do the author an injustice, yet to suspect it of being a joke is to doubt her discretion. But still, considered *pro* and *con*, the suspicion that the work may be a subtle satire on the attenuated discussion of certain problems which have lately vexed our souls in fiction—such, for example, as the everlasting thesis that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander—will not down. And, at all events, no matter what the author may have meant, she has introduced another and fresher young person, who seems likely to divert public attention and public alarm, for a time at least, from the awful Arabella, and in so far we are her debtors.

*George Preston.*

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## A HISTORY OF NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.*

With this volume the series on English Literature, begun some ten years ago, is complete. The appearance of this, the last of the series, has long been awaited with much interest, partly because of the period treated, and partly because by the original plan Professor Dowden, who has shown special fitness for the work, was to undertake the volume. But, as we learn from the preface, Professor Saintsbury took over the task about two years ago; and now we have it completed in his own characteristic way.

The chapter-headings indicate the general scope and plan of treatment. The opening chapter deals with the end of the eighteenth century (Blake, Burns, Mrs. Radcliffe, etc.). Then follow chapters on "The New Poetry" (Wordsworth down to Tennyson); "The New Fiction" (Miss Edgeworth down to Miss Brontë); "Development of the Periodicals;" "Historians of the Century;" "Second Poetical Period" (Tennyson to Miss Rossetti); "The Novel since 1850" (Miss Brontë to Stevenson); "Philosophy and Theology;" "Later

* A History of Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Saintsbury, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

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Journalism and Criticism;" "Scholarship and Science;" "Drama;" "Conclusion." The treatment is thus mainly chronological, the authors within each of these obvious divisions being dealt with individually, while literary movements and tendencies are frankly left out of the question. The only exception to this is the concluding chapter, in which the loose ends of the threads are taken up by indicating "the general course of thought and of speech, of literary matter and literary form during the century." Why there should be a "concluding chapter" to such a book as this, especially to indicate general tendencies, it is difficult to say. The tendencies should be embodied in the main narrative and brought into connection with the lives of individual writers in such a way that the reader may obtain a synthetic view of the whole period, from the way in which the facts are presented, without having to hold these isolated facts in suspension until he reaches the author's "conclusion."

But the plan of Professor Saintsbury would not be at all wholly condemnable if it were carried out consistently. We could find little objection to being led in his entertaining way along the course of the literature of the century if our guide would not persist in breaking in upon us with his own "views." These peculiar views not only irritate the reader, but also interrupt the chronological plan of the book. The author has a standard of excellence in poetry (and, by inference, in all literature in the strict sense), which is thus formulated: "Is the poet rich in essentially poetical moments of the highest power and kind? And by poetical moments I mean those instances of expression which, no matter what their subject, their intention, or their context may be, cause instantaneously in the fit reader a poetical impression of the intensest and most moving quality." This definition is as veritable a circle as the ring of Gyges; and so far from making the critic's personality become invisible in any principle of art, it leaves the test of poetry to every possible idiosyncrasy. And the author uses it to classify the writers within the chapters as "greater," "minor," or what not, regardless of literary connection or chronology. Thus Bowles and Clough are taken out of the positions where their affinities and influence would place them, in order that they may be grouped with their brother "minors." This gives to the book in parts an awkward and disjointed air, such as a history of Roman literature would have if Lucretius were dealt with after Virgil. The critic would do well not to anticipate Time's judgment of the poets by thus ticketing them in accordance with a standard which at best must be necessarily faulty. We could feel more confidence in the historian's fitness for his delicate task if he showed less assurance of being in the counsels of Father Time, and gave even some fitful signs of realising that He sifts the critics also.

Within the work of each author this passion for classification rages in full fury. One work is generally singled out, and displayed as the best of the author or of its kind in a triumphant tone often little warranted by the facts. The wearied reader would often desire a less dictatorial guide.

And there is a lack of proportion, too, in some parts of the book. More space and enthusiasm is given to some of Beddoes' dirges than to "Maud" or "The Idylls of the King," or to "The Ring and the Book." Beddoes, too, is honoured with the only quotation, which is accompanied by the approving quotation of the opinion that there is more pure poetry in a certain ten lines of Beddoes than in all Byron!

The faults noted may be traced to a strange theory of poetry; but there are features of the book which cannot be so explained. These are very like personalities, and give to the book a character far from the "achromatic" one claimed in the preface. Why, for instance, is so much attention given to the work of the Browning Society? It is not noted that a strangely similar literature has gathered around the work of Tennyson—even to a "Handbook"—and that without the aid of a meddling society. Why such lingering, too, over Mrs. Browning's rhyme "pal*ace*," "chal*ice*," as "bad and vulgar," when criticism of Tennyson's "sh*ut*," "*foot*," "ey*es*," "Parad*ise*" is dismissed as "hypercritical"? These are but examples of the author's "crotchets," to use a favourite word of his, and on many such points "corrected impressions" would be an improvement.

The book's faults do not by any means render it unacceptable as a useful guide-

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book to the literature of the nineteenth century. The author shows a wide knowledge of the literary work and literary facts of the period; and, though he does not sufficiently distinguish between literature and literary gossip, he imparts his knowledge in an interesting and stimulating manner. The book is marked by the author's breathless enthusiasm; and the reader will do well not to allow himself to be led to all the author's conclusions. While it is a useful "mind map" of the century, it is far from a definitive one. As in our old school histories we learned only about kings, so here we learn chiefly about individual authors; while of their *milieu*, the deeper and obscurer currents of the nation's and age's life, we learn little, and only by the way. That is left to a later historian, and perhaps to a later age. Though the author has, as he hoped, done something to aid the novel-crammed reader to know the pure gold of poetry and to realise the perpetual youth of literature; the critic, despite the sop thrown him in the preface, must insist that the book would have been a safer aid to the many who will look to it for help, if the aim to write a history as "achromatic" as possible had been more nearly fulfilled.

*A. Beatty.*

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## A SCIENTIFIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE FUTURE LIFE.*

A few years ago the writing of this book would have been impossible. Psychic science had not then received the systematic study that has recently led in so remarkable a manner to the correlation of psychic phenomena. Going further back, even this correlation could not have accrued, unless Bacon had given his great genius to the elucidation of inductive reasoning, his exposition and limitations as to wherein lies true scientific knowledge. The chief limitation, outlined in the opening sentence of Bacon's *Novum Organum*, Mr. Hudson restates in the words "Nothing can be known with certainty except by an appeal to facts." And the facts, he expounds, must not determine general principles by suffrage, for there must be no exceptions. There are no exceptions to the operations of a law of Nature. On these rigid lines, some three years ago, Mr. Hudson formulated a working hypothesis in psychic science and published an account of his labours under the title of *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, a consideration of the mental characteristics and power of man as we find him in this life. This work received the encomiums of all students in psychology by reason of its pursuing its inquiry into matters psychical precisely as the physical sciences are studied. The present work is a worthy sequel devoted to a scientific inquiry concerning man's prospects for a future life. The inquiry is undertaken in a true spirit, for, it is assumed, if religion is truth, it has nothing to fear from science, because no truth is inconsistent with any other truth.

The earlier chapters enter briefly upon an analysis of the principal arguments for immortality previously advanced, and herein are discussed as well theosophy, spiritism, and the like quasi-scientific hypotheses, before the author settles down to his own arguments, which are very distinctly his own. Having demonstrated in his former work the duality of the mind, as objective and subjective, the present argument is that the subjective mind is or includes the soul of man; and that while physical nature conceals all that man would know of God or his own soul, psychic phenomena alone reveals that knowledge. To psychic phenomena the world owes its first conception of a living God, following in the line of evolution the God of Moses, modified as in the conceptions of the Prophets of Israel and progressing higher and higher until the highest possible conception is that presented by One who was endowed with the faculty of intuitive perception of the laws of the human soul—Jesus of Nazareth. The simple code of morals, ethics, and religion that fell from the lips of the Man of Nazareth is held by Mr. Hudson as the end of the evolution of religion on this earth, as much as he regards man as the final outcome of physical evolution. Of Jesus it is stated that "he minutely observed all the conditions that modern science has discovered to be necessary for the successful reproduction of his phenomena."

Returning to the title-subject, and to the demonstrated duality of the mind,

* A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life. By Thomson Jay Hudson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

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to the physical or objective part of which the brain alone is related, proofs are offered of the faculties of the subjective mind. This is shown to transcend the senses, and there is at least presumptive evidence that it does not perish when the senses are extinguished. In fact, as when the senses are dying out, and at other times, its activity is shown to be in inverse proportion to the vigour of the body. But it is also laid down that there is no faculty, emotion, or organism of the human mind that has not its function, use, or object; and while the subjective mind can never perform any other than its normal functions nor exercise any other of its manifold powers, except under the most intensely abnormal conditions of the body (such as the hypnotic state), there is no power, faculty, function, or limitation of the subjective mind peculiar to itself and differentiating it from the objective mind that has any normal use or function in a purely physical existence. Ergo, the author claims to have established the complete chain of logical premises necessary to a complete demonstration of a future life for mankind. Incidentally it is shown that the subjective faculties of the brute are limited to those primary instincts that pertain exclusively to a physical condition, in contradistinction to the subjective mind of man endowed with intellectual faculties transcending those of the objective intellect, and some of which perform no normal function on the physical plane.

In conclusion, not to have read this work is not to be *au niveau* with the meeting tides of religious and scientific inquiry.

*Leonard Paget.*

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## A MAN'S FOES.*

It really begins to look of late as if Robert Louis Stevenson, whose literary opinions are regarded as almost infallible, may have erred in believing that the historical novel was dead. The attention attracted by the recent appearance of several American works of fiction, more or less historic in colouring, would seem to indicate something like an approaching revival in this country. Abroad, signs of the kind have been observable for two or three years, and have lately become more frequent and more marked. In England the latest noticeable contribution to the movement, *A Man's Foes*, by Mrs. E. H. Strain, a new and a young writer, has been most favourably received.

The story describes the times of King James, dealing chiefly with the tumultuous days immediately preceding the incoming of William and Mary. The attitude of the public toward James is shown in the opening scene, by the talk around the table of a captain in the service of the king. Men of importance and high rank are of the company, some of them being officers of the army, others holding appointments under the crown; yet the king's double-dealing and cruelty are denounced openly and in the boldest terms; the speakers refusing to yield further obedience to treachery and murder as the divine right of kings. "He that makes no scruple to pack a jury to take away an innocent life shall no longer enslave the consciences of honourable men," thunders an old lord, striking the table with a clenched fist. Then, suddenly aware that this is high treason, each man looks at his neighbour. Some of the officers have resigned their commission, some have announced the intention of doing so; but the host, still holding his commission under the king, is not free to speak. Yet he neither disputes nor rebukes what the others have said, and when the conversation is carried by a traitor among the guests to the royal ears, it leads to his arrest, and so the stirring story begins.

It is written in the first person, the most dramatic, when well managed, of any form of narrative. The teller of the tale is the unlucky officer's wife, young—and as incidentally appears—beautiful, spirited, and quick of wit, and her artless account of the expedient through which she enables her husband to escape is one of the best things in the book. But the joy of the triumph is short-lived, for his forced flight and absence leave her and the children unprotected when the storm of revolution breaks. Surrounded by spies and enemies, the young mother defends as best she can her two little ones, and the apparently unconscious portrayal of her brave struggle is excellent art. The story is consistently, from her own point of view, that of the wife and mother,

* A Man's Foes. By E. H. Strain. New York: Ward, Lock & Bowden. $1.00.

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who sees first, in these mighty events which are shaking thrones, danger to those whom she loves; that of the womanly woman who fears most, from these meetings of armies which are crushing and making kings, the loss of dear lives and the breaking of hearts.

The result of this method is a curiously intimate feeling. The time, distant two hundred years, ceases to seem remote, and the historical characters appear more alive than historical characters are apt to appear in romances. Thus invested with almost the effect of an actual individual experience, the story becomes more convincing than any abstract description could possibly be. Through the suffering of the young mother and her children from fever and famine during the siege of Derry, and through her resistance to temptation when desertion of the cause would save her little ones from starvation, there is a realisation of the city's extremity and the cost of its victory, such as could hardly have been produced in any other way.

And yet, in spite of its terrible theme, *A Man's Foes* is not a gloomy book; on the contrary, there is much wholesome sweetness in it, and a few—but only a few—touches of humour. It is too long, judged by the American standard of a popular novel's length; but nevertheless once taken up it will not be laid down willingly by the reader, to whom the simple telling of noble deeds appeals. And, after all, when did anything in fiction ever stir the heart as the record of heroism in history stirs it? So that, perhaps, it may be possible that for once Robert Louis Stevenson was mistaken, and the historical novel is not dead, but has been merely sleeping.

*N. H. B.*

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## SIX MODERN WOMEN.*

Fru Laura Marholm Hansson is a German lady of Norwegian extraction, the wife of Ola Hansson, a Swedish writer of reputation, and herself celebrated, according to her present translator, "for her literary criticisms and the beauty of her style." We would apologise to her admirers for stating what should be the very tritest information, but they must remember that we are writing in the language of one of the "two most unliterary countries in Europe"—Fru Hansson says so—and we cannot, therefore, assume a general knowledge of the state of literature in the more highly favoured land of Sweden. Her studies of modern women, however, include some that even insular England has heard of and formed judgments on—Marie Bashkirtseff, Sonia Kovalevsky, Eleonora Duse, and George Egerton. English readers will come with some kind of preparation to her accounts of these celebrated persons, and we can assure them that their time will not be wasted, nor will they miss entertainment the while. There is little evidence in this book of the soundness of her "literary criticisms," and none at all of the "beauty of her style," much of the writing being rhapsodically incoherent. Let us take these high gifts on trust, believing them to blossom everywhere else in Fru Hansson's writings except in *Six Modern Women*, and hasten to acknowledge some rarer qualities.

It is really a most courageous little book, and courage, in bad cause or good, is worth grateful acknowledgment. In its main contentions—not at all in details—it is magnificently consistent. The writer stands in fighting attitude against the present age and its ideals for women, and we are not sure if any age, in the Western Hemisphere, at least, would subscribe in cold blood to her theory, though in hot practice they have sometimes come near it. A quite easy acceptance of her position at the present moment would only come from fools and libertines, and we cannot gather that she likes either. She is specially emphatic in her contempt of fools. A Nemesis may make her the founder of a cult in which they shall be the preponderating influence. But it is the superior woman she aims at drawing to her, and when she buttonholes this incarnation of intellect, or imagination, or moral force, it is to tell her, intellect is all very well, but its cultivation is folly; imagination is a beautiful thing, but quite useless unless stimulated by a lover; and moral force—well, it doesn't much matter about moral force at all, because, being a woman, she is relieved from all responsibility. The women she has chosen—there are two others

* Six Modern Women. By Laura Marholm Hansson. Translated by Hermione Ramsden. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.

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besides those named above, Amalie Skram, a Swedish naturalist writer, and Fru Eggren-Leffler, also a Swedish novelist and a leader of the Woman's Right Movement—are worth examining. They include a really eminent mathematician, an actress of genius, and a painter of marvellous talent. The others are not exactly epoch-making, though it is Fru Hansson's opinion that *Keynotes* "burst upon the world like the opening buds in spring, like the cherry blossom after the first cold shower of rain." And all of them are unhappy. They calculated, they wrote, they painted, they acted, and not one of them would have done anything of the kind if they had been wise, or fortunate enough to find some one on whom to shower the wealth of their affections. In this absurd book there is a great deal of shrewdness, and some knowledge of human nature better than shrewdness. She has picked out women with strongly emotional and irregular temperaments. The fact that they seemed to serve to illustrate her theory has done much, no doubt, to persuade her that they are the most influential women of the century. To the best of her ability she has striven to understand them, and up to the point of unsatisfied affection she has understood them, though she states her case in a very nauseous fashion. But for anything like systematic study, austere labour, she has a fierce distaste and contempt, probably the other side of an incapacity. And of the hunger and thirst of the intellect—quite as gnawing as the hunger and thirst of the heart, if rarer and more easily satisfied—she has not guessed the existence. Imagine Sónya Kovalévsky without her period of burning delight in using her clear brain, or Duse content to be one woman when she can wear herself out with being a score on the stage.

But do not rush to the conclusion that because woman has no destiny apart from man, and no imagination, or anything else worth speaking of, the book places man on a pedestal. Not at all: he is treated, on the contrary, in a rather insulting manner; he is called childish, comic, brutal, with very few exceptions. But that makes no difference at all, says Fru Hansson, in strict accordance with her creed that logic, coherence, reasonableness, are temptations of the devil to women's minds. Brains are at a discount here with her, and her book will be a most comforting morsel to the indolent, the flabby, the self-indulgent, the feeble among womankind who are indeed most unduly strained and hustled in this energetic age. To be told to sit down at ease, and let their minds and consciences go to sleep till some one appointed by Providence comes along to wake and be responsible for them, is the most soothing and convenient of counsels. But the perusal of Fru Hansson's words may drive others, who have not hitherto been fanatical on the importance of mental culture, to purchase a library of austere science, and give their days and nights to its study, assuring themselves that if they are committing one folly, they are excluding another of which they have an awful warning here, and declaring, very unreasonably, of course, but with the utmost conviction, that at least it is better to die in a desert than in a swamp.

*Annie Macdonell.*

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## OFFICIAL ETIQUETTE IN WASHINGTON.*

The person who writes a manual of etiquette must always expect the reviewers to poke a good deal of mild fun at his book, because it is certain to contain a variety of information that is supposed in the polite world to be inherently familiar to every person who has not been reared in a mining camp. The present volume, in its chapter headed "Miscellaneous," gives some ground for the usual gibes, by remarking that "upon ordinary occasions it is in good taste to dress as quietly as possible;" that "any display of diamonds or jewelry is to be avoided, except at evening entertainments;" that "an evening suit is never admissible for a man until after six o'clock;" that "on leaving a room a young person should always stand aside for an elder one," with other observations about equally recondite.

Nevertheless, the book that Miss Thomas has compiled is by no means to be passed over in this flippant way, for it has a good deal of intrinsic interest from an historico-social point of view. In so far as it describes the special cus-

* Official, Diplomatic, and Social Etiquette of Washington. By Katherine Elwes Thomas. New York: The Cassell Publishing Co.

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toms of American official society at the nation's capital, it may be read with considerable profit by the philosophic student of manners, and it has some practical value even to the votary of fashion. In the first place, its code of rules being suited to peculiar conditions, contains certain departures from the usages of the ordinary drawing-room; and it gives in concrete fashion a summary of the forms that have gradually come to be traditional in the entourage of the American President. The growth of a system of etiquette in a republican court is always a very curious study; for in slowly formulating a definite code, an infinite amount of tact and judgment must be needed. To hedge about the Chief Magistrate with such observances as shall fitly recognise the great dignity of his office, while guarding against offence to the democratic sentiment which views with suspicious jealousy any attempt to ape monarchical and aristocratic exclusiveness, must often have sorely taxed the ingenuity of those gentlemen in the Department of State under whose fostering care these simple rules have at last successfully been grafted upon the unwritten law of the Republic. In this book of Miss Thomas it is possible to appreciate the great delicacy and difficulty of the task, and to recognise also the good sense and discretion with which it has been done. Some curious student will yet, we trust, put forth an annotated edition of these simple yet quite sufficient rules, giving the history of each and the circumstances of its gradual adoption. For ourselves, we must be content in this short notice to mention some of the usages that are especially interesting, leaving to others the elucidation of their history.

The whole system, of course, is built up around the person of the President, and the presidential etiquette is that which is the most clearly and minutely defined. The President is by no means wholly free in the regulation of his social life. As soon as he enters upon the duties of his office he must indicate to the person who acts as his master of ceremonies the days and hours for the innumerable receptions, dinners, balls, and other functions that are to be held at the Executive Mansion during the official season. In his own attendance upon social functions outside the White House he is considerably restricted. He may, if he wish, accept an invitation to dinner or to luncheon from a member of the Cabinet; and it will not create a great amount of comment if he take luncheon at the house of a personal friend in private life; but for him to dine with such a one, at any rate in Washington, must be regarded as unusual or even eccentric. He is absolutely unable to attend a dinner or a reception that is given at any of the foreign legations, and for a curious reason. By law he is forbidden to leave the country during his administration, except by special act of Congress; and as the residence of a foreign embassy is, for the time, foreign territory, the President in dining there would violate his oath of office. Should a royal personage visit Washington, he must call upon the President, the length of such a call being usually about five minutes only. But unless the royal personage be actually a reigning sovereign, the President must not return the call, even though the caller be a woman. In this case, however, the President's wife should return it within three hours. At State dinners the guests assemble in the East Room, and remain there until the exact hour for the dinner; but the President does not appear until that moment, when all come forward to greet him. The President's wife, however, presents herself to the company about five minutes in advance. At dinner the President is always served first. A man in writing to the President must commence the letter with the words "To the President of the United States," with no other form of address, and must sign it "Very truly;" a woman must use the form "Very respectfully," unless she be a personal friend, in which case she may say "Very sincerely." An invitation from the President to dinner is in the nature of a command, and if the President's wife invites a guest to remain after the dinner has concluded, her invitation is also a command. It is etiquette for all persons to bow to the President whenever he passes in the street, and the President will always return the salutation. The records of all social functions are preserved for reference at the White House, as being the social archives of the nation; and all questions of usage are settled by reference to them. Should a new question of etiquette arise, the President applies

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to the Department of State for its determination, if it concerns either himself or any member of his family.

The etiquette relating to the induction of a new President into the Executive Mansion is complicated, and is minutely detailed by Miss Thomas. The family of the incoming President must not allow any personal belongings to be sent to the White House until after twelve o'clock on the fourth day of March, nor can the outgoing President return to the White House after that hour, even to the luncheon which he has himself ordered in honour of his successor, unless a special invitation be given him by the new President. On the evening of March 2d, however, when the outgoing President gives a dinner to the other and to his family, this courtesy is usually extended; if not, the outgoing President, after the inaugural ceremonies at the Capitol are over, must accompany his successor only to the portico of the White House, and then, alighting from the carriage, must take leave of him. An ex-President or a defeated candidate for the presidency must always make a formal call of a few minutes upon the actual President if visiting Washington, and so must the wife of an ex-President, whose call will be returned by the President's wife within three days.

Miss Thomas has a good deal to say about the vexed questions of precedence in official life, of the complicated questions relating to the social intercourse of senators, diplomats, officers of the army and navy, Congressmen, judges, and departmental secretaries, as to which matters we should like to quote, though we must deny ourselves the pleasure of so doing. We are glad to observe that she places under the ban such absurd forms of address as "Mrs. General," "Mrs. Representative," and other similar titular monstrosities. The book has a short introduction by the wife of the late General Logan, who expresses her approval of its contents. We do not know just what claims this lady has to be regarded as an authority on the nicer points of social usage, but we observe that she has herself committed a solecism in signing her name "Mrs. John A. Logan," which surely cannot be good form either in Washington or elsewhere in this country.

*H. T. P.*

## A MONK OF FIFE.*

We doubt whether Mr. Lang's interest in romantic literature, and his conceivable ambition to be among its purveyors, are enough to account for the writing of *A Monk of Fife*. As you read, you feel it is a pious act, the dedication of power and learning to the service of one who has struck his imagination with singular force, and enlisted for the glorification of her memory all the ardour of his nature. He has written as men used to paint pictures in a believing age. His story of the Maid, especially in its central incidents, follows likewise something of the conventions that were long observed in ecclesiastical art. A high spiritual subject cannot be duly perceived realistically, and not by all, if described in the tongue of our common thoughts. A thing apart has a language apart, and for the language apart he has chosen the language of an earlier day. This hampers a man for most purposes; but sometimes a right instinct guides to its adoption, as here. It has preserved, for his less imaginative readers, at least, the remote glory of Jeanne. His Jeanne is the fair saint of some mystical glass-painter, or some pious tapestry artist, not the peasant Jeanne whose uncouth, yet spiritual beauty, has been pathetically rendered by Bastien Lepage. The same instinct has produced the drawings of Mr. Selwyn Image, but in them convention has entirely ignored beauty.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Lang's free, quick, witty, every-day style will be astonished at the exquisite, careful mosaic here, with its bright colour and its glittering fragments of gold, all wrought with a strict recognition of the limits of the art. Everything is lucid save the mysterious glamour of the Maid. Sometimes the figures are seen black and clearly lined as against a yellow sunset sky; sometimes richly coloured, with the sun of midday streaming through them. There is hardly a line too much anywhere.

A tribute should be paid to the learning of the book—and learning is no such

* A Monk of Fife. Being the Chronicle written by Norman Leslie of Pitcullo, concerning Marvellous Deeds that Befell in the Realm of France, in the Years of our Redemption, MCCCCXXIXXXXI. Now first done into English out of the French by Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

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superfluity in a historical romance as is commonly supposed. The great historical novelists have all written out of a full and intimate knowledge of the highroads and byeways of the time they were representing, never finding a crowded memory choke their invention.

We have named in the first place the surprising and beautiful art of the book, because it sets it in a place apart, and then its evidence of zealous research, which has added greatly to our clear realisation of an epoch; because these are its two chief distinctions. But as a story it takes a high place, too. We went back by the way to read passages over again for our pleasure; but we have seen others hurrying to the end, carried on by the narrative, by the fortunes, good and bad, of Norman Leslie, from his youthful escapade in Scotland, through his long, devoted service to the Maid—harassed, wounded, imprisoned for her sake, and with her at the end—till he finds rests in the Abbey of Pluscarden; by the black villainy of Noiroufle; by the gay loving-kindness of Elliot. The interest certainly never flags. Mr. Morris makes his poetical prose romances a little hard to read by keeping too much on the same level of dignity and remoteness. The Maid towers aloft here, with space for light around her. But in the corners of the picture are familiar incidents and personages playing their parts with homely realism. The contrast stimulates the attention, and helps the sense of proportion.

We take back one comment, and say, better even than the beauty of the workmanship, better than the story, are the clear airs in the book, the peace and light of a great purpose shown above the storm and stress of war.

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## THE POOR IN GREAT CITIES.*

That there should be sufficient public interest to repay a leading literary magazine the cost and labour of securing and illustrating a series of articles on the poor in great cities is significant. That these should now appear in book form must indicate that the interest is both substantial and lasting. Indeed, the incident is itself a proof of the "social awakening" of which the articles treat. The papers composing the present volume were contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* during the years 1891–93. The problems of the poor in New York, Boston, Chicago, London, Paris, and Naples are described, and the efforts that are being made to solve them. Among the best known of the contributors are Sir Walter Besant, Jacob A. Riis, Robert A. Woods, whose *English Social Movements* the Scribners publish; Joseph Kirkland, Professor Tucker, formerly of Andover Theological Seminary, now President of Dartmouth College, Oscar Craig, late President of the New York State Board of Charities, and Edmund R. Spearman. Several of the papers are by practical workers, and describe the conditions and problems with which they are in daily contact. W. T. Elsing, who has been a city missionary on the East side for a number of years, describes "Life in the New York Tenement-Houses." Willard Parsons, the manager, tells "The Story of the Fresh-Air Fund." Evert Jansen Overdell describes very vividly the work done in the Boys' Clubs in New York. Ernest Flagg, the architect of St. Luke's Hospital, contributes an article on "The New York Tenement-House Evil and its Cure." Mr. Jesse White Mario, who is the author of government reports on the Italian poor, tells the pitiful and sickening history of the poor in Naples.

The papers consist partly of industrial and partly of philanthropic studies. The descriptions in some cases are of purely economic movements, as in Robert A. Woods's "The Social Awakening in London;" in others of movements purely philanthropic, as "The Story of the Fresh-Air Fund," "Boys' Clubs in New York," etc. The aim of the series of papers as a whole has been to tell "what is doing here and elsewhere in the general and efficient social activity that has been the growth of the last few years." This they do with vividness and force, and there is infinite encouragement in the narration. And yet one turns from a reading of these papers with some dissatisfaction. Have we not a right to expect more than descriptive information? The fact is, we have passed the first stage of the social awakening.

* The Poor in Great Cities: Their Problems and what is Doing to Solve Them. By Walter Besant, J. A. Riis, Robert A. Woods, and others. With an Appendix on Tenement-house Building, by Ernest Flagg. Fully illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

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The need now is not so much for philanthropic interest and activity as for intelligence in its direction. The crying need of the hour is for intelligence, for sanity in charity. We need clear cut distinctions. We need industrial justice and character-building charity. It is safe to say that the statement made by Mr. Elsing in his paper on "Life in New York Tenement-Houses," that "if the mother of every well-to-do home in our large cities would regularly visit once a month a needy family, a vast amount of good would be accomplished among the worthy poor, and distress would be unknown," is about the opposite of the truth. It is more likely that mothers of well-to-do homes being what they are, and there being no intelligent direction to such visiting, a vast amount of harm would be perpetrated and distress would be increased. Mr. Elsing probably has had so few such mothers volunteering that the problem of their training and direction has not come up. Outside of the correction of environment and the amelioration of industrial conditions, the problem of the poor is one of character, and requires wise handling.

There are a number of statements throughout these papers, however, that will please the practical charity worker. In almost every one the necessity for personal work among the poor is emphasised, and for clear-sighted and intelligent sympathy. We may expect the current writing on social topics to grow more and more discriminating and its value to increase. There is infinite need of clear thinking.

*Arthur W. McDougall.*

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## NOVEL NOTES.

DR. WARRICK'S DAUGHTERS. By Rebecca Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Mrs. Davis's new story may have been better reading as a serial than it is as a book. A few pages of microscopic study of the least interesting aspects of provincial life might make an acceptable weekly article, but three hundred consecutive pages of the same cannot make a good novel. Only a firm central motive could give form to such a shapeless mass; and the cathode rays would hardly discover anything of the kind in *Dr. Warrick's Daughters*. Touching many things, the work seems without definite meaning, and like a string on the hands of a child, no sooner forms one design than it is drawn into another. For instance, the first chapter is given to the realisation of Dr. Warrick's wife, who is dead and gone before the opening of the second chapter, and not so much as a single hereditary influence remains to justify the introduction. Then, instead of the daughters, who are naturally expected, having been announced some time before, the doctor himself appears, to be characterised in so many different ways that he seems to be several men—a fussy tyrant capable of sacrificing the family's necessities to his selfish whims; a crushed creature who dreads to ask for a few cents of his own money; and two or three other opposite characters. Nor are the daughters much more convincing when they finally appear. It is true that one is represented as being always tall, and the other as always short; but beyond this their characterisation is almost if not quite as various as that of the father. And it really looks as if they changed places sometimes in the author's imagination. The tall one, endowed at the outset with an inherent irresistible charm, is changed to an unpopular person, repelled and repelling, without a word of explanation as to what has become of the charm. The short daughter, introduced as a sly, mercenary schemer, shifts to soulful softness and back again without rhyme or reason, until neither the reader nor the author apparently has the vaguest notion of what she is meant to be.

But of all the kaleidoscopic characters and the contradictory descriptions going to make this curious literary patchwork, that of John Sondé, the young Southerner, is the most truly remarkable. Accepting the assurance that he is a creole gentleman

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in all that the fine term implies, it seems unnecessary to insist, as the author at first insists, upon his distinguished ancestry, his high breeding, his individual social distinction, and his personal and intellectual gifts. All these need no saying to those who are familiar with the type. To these the surprise comes later on, when this personage, whom they have fancied they knew so well, is further described as "a big, slow, staring man, having heavy, lumbering legs and arms, a tremendous laugh, faulty grammar, and broad negro inflections which make his slow talk almost unintelligible to the Pennsylvanian." The transformation is as amazing as Bottom's; and, as if to deepen the bewilderment, insinuations are now made connecting creoles with mulattoes. The maker of these remarks is one Plunkett, who figures as a simpleton, a genius, a knave, and a saint alternately; but it seems impossible that the most grossly ignorant could still hold to the vulgar error implied by his words. Surely even the Plunketts must know by this time that the creole aristocrat differs from other Americans of the upper class only in being proud of having in his veins the purer blood of France and Spain. Yet the author might, with advantage to the dignity of her work, have commented, if but jestingly, upon Mr. Plunkett's views. She might also have advanced the claims of one of her heroines to superior intelligence by suppressing, or at least modifying, her sneers at the literary aspirations of the South. For all this is very, very cheap—too small, in view of the splendid fulfilment of those aspirations, for more than a mere mention. Indeed, the whole portion of the book dealing with Southern types and social conditions is flat, stale, and unprofitable, and the dreariest thrashing of old straw. All these absurdities have been perpetrated again and again. Surely the Northern reader must be tired and sick of them; Southern readers are tired—and sore. Let us hope, then, that this may be the last of its moss-grown kind; that no more attempts may be made to cover a great country with a tape measure's length.

BERNICIA. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Writers come—and also go—with the rising and the setting of almost every sun; but not one of the multitude has ever entered the domain pre-empted and occupied by Mrs. Barr. Nor does she seem to seek to rove beyond it, but, standing always well within its clearly defined lines, continues to give out the white bread and cream which a large public has learned to expect and to enjoy. For while Mrs. Barr's stories contain no surprises, they are filled with a strong spirit of wholesome freshness such as cannot be found sometimes in newer work. Nor do her stories lack variety, the field to which the author holds being quite wide enough to enable her to reach most of the subjects with which honest men and normal women are in sympathy. To such readers a spirited love story, with a flavour of romance and a spice of humour, can never cease to be attractive; and of the many which Mrs. Barr has written, few if any are better than *Bernicia*. A country girl of distinguished but impoverished Jacobin family, Bernicia comes to London during the reign of George II. to join her married sister, whose husband stands high at court. The sister, professedly a great lady, is really as unworldly and nearly as young, as beautiful, and as reckless as Bernicia herself, for whom she is anything but a discreet chaperone. "Women had not then learned to regard the whole visible world relatively to their emotions and destiny;" and these two frolic among the pitfalls of the court like a couple of quick-witted kittens. Of course there are lovers galore—Bernicia's, not the sister's, since married women never have lovers—in Mrs. Barr's books. One is a gay, dashing cavalier, who whips out his sword in season and out of season; another is a Methodist, whose walk and conversation are modelled upon Mr. Whitefield's; and they are set against each other with such admirable effect that Bernicia cannot decide between them. Thus it follows as a natural result that the cavalier challenges the Methodist to fight a duel, and no one but Bernicia is at all surprised. "If your two lovers were from the North Country they would have been playing broadswords ere this," says old Tarset, who is more mother than maid to the girl. "And 'tis a thousand pities that you cannot learn to know yourself better, though men ought to give a girl time. Marrying is living together fifty

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years, happen." But no argument consoles the unhappy cause of the impending tragedy. Bernicia evokes every aid within reach to prevent the meeting, and succeeds; whereupon, with the inconsistency of her age and sex, she despises the courtier and the Christian alike. "The two men are cowards," she declares. "I will never speak to either of them again;" and she forthwith resolves to give her heart to a third lover. But before many days are past she discovers that hearts are not transferable at will. Before many months are gone she hears a story which teaches her the difference between false courage and true, between that which risks life to destroy and that which risks it to save. It is one of those little incidents which uplifts humanity; the short, simple story of the nursing by a fine gentleman of his servant, afflicted with a loathsome disease. "I wish I knew his name," cries the girl, with swelling heart and shining eyes. "It ought to be written in gold." And when she learns it, and knows that it is her cavalier lover who has done this heroic thing, the happy end of the pretty story is already in sight.

THE RED REPUBLIC. A Romance of the Commune. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

For a motto that shall effectively preface his stirring romance, Mr. Chambers has chosen the stately line, "Lo! I too am come, chanting the chant of battles!" It may be frivolous, but after reading the book we are irresistibly reminded of another and more homely sentence that would have been equally appropriate. It is that dark utterance of our immortal acquaintance, the "fat boy," with which he nearly frightens the deaf old lady out of her wits, "I wants to make your flesh creep!"

Of course we know Mr. Chambers did not write *The Red Republic* with the deliberate intention of making our flesh creep, but he certainly achieves that result. There is so much of fighting, slashing, stabbing, and shooting that it would be absolutely unbearable if it were not written so extremely well. But what can we expect of a "romance of the commune," dealing truthfully with the horrors of Paris in 1871? It is by no means a soothing tale, and the "gentle reader" who shrinks from war and bloodshed will do well to leave it alone. Once we have commenced to follow the fortunes of Philip Landes, there is no turning back, for the author keeps us breathless with excited interest. The story swings and rushes along, and on we must go with it, through barricades, battles, and bombardments, dodging blows and bullets in company with our hero until we are well-nigh exhausted. Our sympathies are all the more with Philip because he is an American, who is only dragged into this wretched business of communism through his chivalry toward an unprotected girl. He can fight nobly, though, and so can his gallant friend, Alain de Carette, whom we admire immensely. What a miserable lot of scoundrels are Tribert, Weser, Sarré, and the rest of the *canaille* who are persecuting Philip, and how we rejoice when the last one of them is finally exterminated! It is a sad fact that though one may be the most peaceable and humane of mortals, long before he reaches the end of these 475 pages he will be so *blasé* with much killing, that a stray head or two knocked off doesn't seem to matter much!

But the book is not all death and destruction, far from it. Very charming are the occasional glimpses of Philip's quiet little studio with its quaint old garden, behind whose thick walls one can almost forget the turbulence outside. It is here that Jeanne de Brissac finds a haven of refuge from her persecutors, and here her two beloved pets, the setter puppy and the yellow cat, frolic in their own amusing fashion. Toodles and Tcherka are quite conspicuous throughout the story, and their moods and manners are sympathetically and delightfully set forth.

Mr. Chambers possesses a keen sense of humour that helps to lighten many otherwise tragic situations. The love story of Philip and Jeanne is simple, pure, and sweet, and for that we thank him, but as we lay down *The Red Republic* with sincere admiration for his gift of story-telling, we cannot but hope that his next romance will be of a less sanguinary hue.

THE INVISIBLE PLAYMATE: A Story of the Unseen. By William Canton. New York: J. Selwyn Tait & Sons. 75 cents.

In modest green garb, with only a touch of gold, comes one of the quaintest and most lovable little stories of the

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year. *The Invisible Playmate* abounds in delicacy of thought and rare, exquisite literary workmanship. The simplicity of the little narrative is so subtle that one finds oneself gradually looking upon the little child, about whom the story is woven, as a living personality. The love of the father, which causes him to watch every baby act with surpassing interest, is powerfully yet simply and convincingly portrayed. He is half amused at what he fancies must be a little "make-believe" play of hers, when she continually cautions him not to hurt his little girl, and when she is put to bed at night she always asks for room for his little girl.

The climax produces a distinct sensation. The little girl is dying, and the father on seeing her try to lift the coverlet, and hearing her faint assurance that his little girl is all right, lifts it for her. Then comes the startling *dénouement:*

"Close beside her lay that other little one, with its white, worn face and its poor arms crossed in that old-womanish fashion in front of her. Its large, suffering eyes looked for a moment into mine, and then my head seemed filled with mist and my ears buzzed.

"*I saw that.* It was not hallucination. It was *there.*"

He had been married before, and his first child and its mother had died. The idea of the supernatural, which is brought out by the tale, is, of course, that the child, because of her few years in this world, was more in touch with the invisible, and so knew of the death of the first baby.

It was Andrew Lang who gave the book its first prominence in London, and, after he espoused its cause, it created a decided sensation. Were we not so used to his clever severance of the wheat from the chaff, we would be even more delighted than we are at the unfaltering good taste which focussed public attention on this little masterpiece.

LAVENGRO. THE SCHOLAR, THE GYPSY, THE PRIEST. By George Borrow. Illustrated. Standard Novels Series. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

George Borrow's *Lavengro*, with an introduction by Mr. Augustine Birrell—can you imagine what an intellectual treat is here? Mr. Birrell has written with the judicial mind, sensitively alive to the balance of weakness and power in Borrow, but what charm he finds in his very weaknesses, his petulance, his

GEORGE BORROW.

impatience, his "sweet unreasonableness," his inbred suspicions and prejudices! He carries our thoughts back on a willing current of sympathy to the wanderer, the alien from society, who pronounced life to be so sweet: "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things. There's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?" Like the lion in Browning's poem, "The Glove," we see

"... by the flash on his forehead,
By the hope in those eyes wide and steady,
He is leagues in the desert already,
Driving the flocks up the mountain."

The true spirit of adventure and romance is in *Lavengro.* Strange things

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happen to him wherever he goes, and he has not to go far. Adventure is brought to your own doorstep. Borrow, with his rich possession of vagrant moods and fancies, had no need to travel far afield in search of adventures, he was as likely to meet them in the next street or village as in the Indies, or, like Defoe, in a far distant isle. Happy is the boy into whose hands *Lavengro* falls. A whole new strange world of the imagination opens up before him, and yet it lies at his own feet. "Borrow's charm," says Mr. Birrell, "is that he has behind his books a character of his own, which belongs to his books as much as to himself; something which bears you up and along as does the mystery of the salt sea the swimmer. And this something lives and stirs in almost every page of Borrow, whose restless, puzzling, teasing personality pervades and animates the whole." Mr. E. J. Sullivan's illustrations reflect wonderfully the charm and vitality and wayward fancy of Borrow's enchanted country and the humour and relish of his bewitching characters. The pen-and-ink drawing of Borrow, which we reproduce, is taken from the frontispiece to *Lavengro*. When the book first appeared, Mr. Birrell tells us, "men, women, and boys took it to their hearts." May the same happy fate attend this new edition of an old favourite.

COURTSHIP BY COMMAND. By M. H. Blake. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

More about Napoleon! In a halo of romance we behold that familiar "dapper figure in its well-known uniform of green and spotless white," and all those equally familiar features—"splendid profile," "Roman head," "eagle eyes" (why not "massive brain"?), and "ineffable smile." The Emperor's scheme to unite in marriage his stepson, Eugène de Beauharnais, and the pretty Princess Augusta of Bavaria, supplies the motive of this little historical romance with the clever title. *Courtship by Command* is not always agreeable to the parties concerned, and both these young persons consider themselves hardly used by Fate—before they meet. Afterwards they find each other charming, and the final chapter bears the suggestive heading, "Happy Ever After."

The pretty little love-interest is somewhat obscured by much descriptive matter, which, however, is quite entertaining in itself. Mr. Blake has a whole paletteful of "local colour," and uses it lavishly to embellish the various scenes of festivity that occur in Munich and elsewhere in honour of Napoleon. He seems quite to enjoy his own descriptions, entering into them with a joyous vigour, and scattering adjectives with reckless prodigality. The horrors of a battle-field are realistically depicted in the opening chapter. We smell gunpowder, see "wild flashes," that are followed by "thudding booms," and hear "sudden staccato sequences of sharp sound." But his Muse can sing of gentler themes, and he is equally at home when picturing luxury and loveliness. Our first glimpse of the Empress Josephine is certainly attractive: "Upon a couch, standing on one side of the fireplace, lounging amongst silken cushions, and wrapped in richly tinted Cashmere shawls of priceless value, was a lady who seemed some incarnate vision from the Arabian nights, so languid and graceful and careless was her attitude, so opulent and dazzling the round contours of her beautiful figure, and the brilliancy of her dark eyes and hair." When we next see this beautiful vision she is "looking extremely bewitching in a *peignoir* of pale blue silk, lavishly adorned with exquisite lace, a garment that was a veritable *tour-de-force* of the modiste's art." Mr. Blake's fancy lingers lovingly over "priceless laces" and "costly tissues," the latter phrase being an especial favourite.

There is not a dull chapter in *Courtship by Command*, nor do we meet a single dull, commonplace person. The characters, their conversation, and their clothes are alike brilliant, and shine radiant in the pink glow of the author's enthusiasm.

MISTHER O'RYAN. By Edward McNulty. London and New York: Edward Arnold.

The old problem of the landlord and tenant, which has served as a basis for so many of the books written about the Irish people, while not discussed in this volume from either point of view, forms the groundwork for its plot. The story turns on the refusal of Mr. Kennedy, the agent of Sir Howard Blake, to join the Land League, which has been organised by Misther O'Ryan, the subsequent boycotting to which he and his

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family are subjected, and the outrages perpetrated upon those who are brave enough to sympathise with the family in their ostracism. Nora Kennedy, fresh from a French convent, is a dainty piece of Irish femininity, loyal and loving to her father, for the sake of whose honour she is willing to give up even her lover. The picture of old Paddy climbing the hill and straining his tired eyes to see if he cannot catch a glimpse of America, where Larry is, and reading fictitious letters to Herself, the blind old woman whose heart is hungering for news of the son who went away so long ago, is a pathetic one, but it has already been done at its best by Miss Jane Barlow. The story appeals for the most part to the emotions, but is not without humour.

AN ISLE IN THE WATER. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

There is a charm about this collection of short tales that is quite irresistible, and we find it hard to call one better than another; each one is perfect in its own setting. These stories reveal to us the traits and characteristics in the home-life of the fisher folk of this island, a people clannish and passionate alike in their love and hatred. Especially is the reader impressed with their chastity and the strict measures meted out to the one who has fallen. In "The Unlawful Mother" the severe ostracism is tempered somewhat by the love and tenderness shown by two brothers toward a girl who, though young in years and innocent at heart, has brought disgrace upon her family. There is something touching about the devotion of these brothers, and the manner in which they assert their authority and hush the curses which rise to the lips of their mother, who cannot forgive the daughter whose sin has stained the name of which she is so proud. "The Death-Spancel" carries one back to the days of witches, philters, and love charms, for the "spancel" is a ghastly charm used by a dark-eyed girl to retain her sweetheart's love. "The Story of Father Anthony O'Toole," a brave old priest who defends unaided his beloved people against an attack of the enemy, is told with a grim humour that arouses admiration for the deed while it provokes a smile at the method. Katharine Tynan is the possessor of a style which in its simplicity and directness alone attracts and retains the reader's interest in the Irish people of whom she writes so tenderly and sympathetically.

A WOMAN INTERVENES. By Robert Barr. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co. $1.25.

Out of the buying of a Canadian mine Mr. Barr has spun a very varied and amusing story. The fortunes of the accountant and the mining expert, sent out from England to report on the subject, provide material enough to entertain readers who are, as a rule, bothered by plots in which money, stocks, and shares play their intricate parts. But the enterprise of the audacious Miss Jennie Brewster, of the *Argus*, who waylays the guileless accountant on his way across the Atlantic, and worms his financial secrets out of him, provides a lively interest from Chapter II. onward. The contest of wits proceeds along in a brisk fashion to the end; and Mr. Barr proves conclusively that the pursuit of gold, the rising and falling of the market, desperate financial dangers, and suchlike, cannot kill romance. The heroine is learned on money matters, yet none the less a quixotically enthusiastic lover.

PERSIS YORKE. By Sydney Christian. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

We have read stories by this writer that we have liked much better than *Persis Yorke*. He has always a tendency to be clumsy, for all his good qualities, and we hardly ever lose sight of the clumsiness here. But, as elsewhere, we always sympathise with his aim, and recognise that his open-mindedness, his generosity, and his delicacy in dealing with difficult subjects, are very rare even among those who weave stories more deftly. Mr. Christian knows the hard workaday world of men and women very intimately, and he fights for them chivalrously in his stories. But we think he is better at drawing portraits than telling tales. At least this plot is spoilt by a rather tawdry melodrama, which, as a background to such sterling sensible people as Persis and Miss Richards, seems lamentably out of place.

THE COMEDY OF CECILIA. By Caroline Fothergill. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

Here two widely separated ages mysteriously meet. Cecilia is a very modern young woman, intellectual, enlight-

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ened, and beautiful, as a matter of course. Her brother and guardian is mediæval and in every way unattractive. He insists on her marriage with another mediæval dullard, her independent fortune depending on her consent, after the story-book fashion of some centuries ago. She refuses, and flies to a sympathetic modern friend, who first backs her up, and then treacherously falls in love with the cruel brother. Finally she marries the solemn dolt, and immediately after the wedding informs him that, having now secured her fortune, she means to do what, and go where, she likes; that she doesn't care a fig for him; and means to have a good time in exactly her own way forevermore. This *spirituel* practical joke is very characteristic of Cecilia, who, in spite of Miss Fothergill's efforts and convictions to the contrary, remains the most ungraceful heroine perhaps in all fiction. Her usual way of expressing emotion is to "choke with laughter," and her repartee is in the style of a fourteen-year-old schoolboy. But why should it have been better? Her most elementary wit always found such flattering greetings as "You are delicious!" or "You are satanic! . . . How do you do it?" We have read many poorer novels recently, but none more hobbledehoy.

DIANA'S HUNTING. By Robert Buchanan. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. 75 cts.

Diana was a fascinating and beautiful young actress, but she is not the central figure of the story. The chief place is assigned to Marcus Aurelius Short, a man of unlovely exterior, shocking manners, outrageous opinions, and the most faithful heart. This lover of taverns more than drawing-rooms, this dramatic critic of loud and hideous style, does three remarkable things: he sees through the beautiful Diana, and speaks plain truths to her; he puts enough backbone into Horsham, a feeble friend, to keep that young dramatist at his wife's hearthside when he desired above everything else in the world to be touring in America with the charming actress; and he never cursed his own dissipated, faithless wife, but waited in patience for the better moments when she would consent to accept his kindness. This kindly bear is an old type, but he wears well in fiction as in life. *Diana's Hunting* is a short, slight story, but it is the best and the truest to life Mr. Buchanan has given us for a long time.

THE BROWN AMBASSADOR. A Story of the Three Days' Moon. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

Mrs. Fraser has adopted a quaint conceit in making some household pets, gifted with the power of speech, important factors in the affairs of their sorely perplexed owners; and the side-lights thrown on the inner life of a Dachshund and an Angora cat are amusing in the extreme. But the entire rationalness otherwise of the story robs this fantastic feature of the charm of temporary illusion, and we cannot but think that the children, for whose entertainment the book was designed, would prefer their fairy tales without admixture of merely human adventures. The fact is, there is abundant material for two stories, and each would no doubt have been more satisfying than the one that has been made of it. Froude, in his *Pilgrimage of a Cat*, has shown what can be done with animal characters alone, and Mrs. Fraser also has given evidence in this volume of her ability to write interestingly of them, as well as of young people. In spite, therefore, of the drawback pointed out, the story is told with a sprightliness that is likely to ensure for it and for its winning characters—not only Tip, the Dachs; Madame Miribée, the Angora; and Monty, the mongoose, but Donald, Conny, and Fenella—a warm place in the hearts of youthful readers.

FREDERICK. By L. B. Walford. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

SUCCESSORS TO THE TITLE. By L. B. Walford. D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

That good intent is not always associated with strength of mind, and that in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird, are observations of hardly sufficient freshness and incredibility to warrant Mrs. Walford in using them as the basis of two full-sized novels. It is natural, therefore, that in founding both these stories upon the experiences of weak-minded but well-meaning heroes, with villains who are given to discussing their plots at the top of their voices on public highways, she has made the superstructures of rather flimsy and uninteresting characters. The course of Frederick's career is a little the less obvious,

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but this virtue is obtained only by an illogical change of front on the part of the author, who, having created as her central figure an addle-pated young man, with all the pettiness of a gossipy old maid, later on incontinently presents him as a person of substantial character, and further astonishes the reader by bestowing him in marriage upon a charming girl, who has had the pick of her father's regiment, and is even then just recovering from another attachment —a woman who, the worldly-wise would say, would be the last in the world to tolerate his remaining foibles.

*Successors to the Title* sets forth the heroic struggles of two young persons upon whom are suddenly laid the heavy burden of great wealth and exalted rank. The plot is insignificant, and is at best a laboured, long drawn-out illustration of the theory that wealth and high social position are holy things, to support which special fitness is required. As it is safe to say that not a large percentage of those who read the book will be called upon to endure earldoms and marquisates, it would appear that more practical examples might have been chosen.

NUMBER 49 TINKHAM STREET. By C. Emma Cheney. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

There is an engaging suggestion of flattery in the term *sui generis* applied to a book, but in this instance, appropriate as it is, it means simply that we have here what is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. It is not a novel, nor is it a philosophical or didactic treatise, but something of each; moreover, while the opening chapters indicate that the author has again addressed herself to young people, as in her *Civil War*, those that follow are plainly intended rather for their elders. Amid these somewhat bewildering conditions there stands out one subject—practical philanthropy—to the diffusion of which along particular lines it is evident that much earnest work has been done in these pages. Unfortunately, however, the book is not well calculated to inspire interest, except among those who are already given to efforts in behalf of their kind. The gist of it is a record of apocryphal missionary labours among hypothetical street urchins; and it is not convincing because, either through over-earnestness in seeking to enforce a lesson, or on account of deficient imagination, the characters drawn are, with one or two exceptions, so vague individually and in their relations to each other that their acts fail to produce any lasting impression, or indeed to hold the attention firmly. To those to whom the subject is a vital one the book may furnish useful hints concerning the prosecution of such campaigns in the field of sociology as Mrs. Cheney describes.

## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ENGLAND'S DARLING. By Alfred Austin. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Perhaps the less said about the Laureate's new drama the better. It is quite good enough to praise, and even to read, if you are not in a hypersensitive mood, when it is bad enough to feed your scorn. "Over and over again," says Mr. Austin, "in later years, when traversing those tracts of our native land which the most vividly recall his [Alfred's] heroism, his wisdom, and his triumph, I found myself exclaiming, 'If one could but write of Alfred.' A visit to Edington—the Saxon Ethandune—one mellow November afternoon, gave fresh stimulus to the longing, and finally generated the production of this work. Would it were worthier! But, to cite words of Alfred's own, 'Do not blame me; for every man must say what he says, and do what he does, according to his ability.'" Exactly so. And Mr. Austin had to say what he says aloud, and do what he does publicly, a case for respectful sympathy when you are forced to say and do the unsuitable thing. We should all like to write of Alfred, and Arthur, and Charlemagne, and a great many others, but luckily we are not obliged to show how far our grasp is short of our reach. There never was a deader drama attempted, and seldom has such glib commonplace been seriously put into the mouths of players. But as a representation of history we

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have seen much worse things honoured; and there is a slender love-story in the play, that of Edward and Elgiva, to which, albeit against his will, all Mr. Austin's strength has run. The scenes pass out of doors, amidst trees, and flowers, and morning air, while "the East crimsons like hedgerose yet half-unclosed," and the lark's song is heard—

> "like a fountain he went up,
> Or in melodious spray fell bubbling back."

Alfred, Guthrum, Oskytel, and the rest of the serious persons, are carnival figures, mere stuffed costumes that pass out of memory as soon as out of sight; but there is something "frank and fresh" about Elgiva and Edward.

MEMOIRS OF AN ARTIST. An autobiography by Charles François Gounod. Rendered into English by Annette E. Crocker. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.25.

This is a most interesting and valuable book from many standpoints. Not only was Gounod a great musical genius, but a faithful son. His appreciation of his mother's sacrifices for him, beginning at his father's death, is unconsciously, and therefore charmingly, portrayed throughout these pages.

Inheriting a decided genius for painting from his father, who held at one time the position of drawing master to the pages at the court of King Louis XVIII., with whom he was a great favourite, Gounod remained a steadfast devotee at the shrine of music. And this in spite of the fact that Monsieur Ingres, Director of the French Academy during Gounod's residence in Rome, urged him to abandon music and bend all his energies to developing his undoubted genius for form and colour.

Nothing is more touching in these *Memoirs* than Gounod's triumph over Monsieur Poirson, the principal of the St. Louis Lyceum, where he attended school, nor more remarkable in his career, for it was the event which decided his future destiny.

Madame Gounod, remembering the struggles of her husband, and fearing to have her son start upon an artistic career, came in despair to Monsieur Poirson. He comforted her by telling her the youthful Charles was a good little student, and he thought she need have no fear of his becoming an artist. When the good lady, quite consoled, had gone on her way, the principal could not resist the temptation to call the child to him and apply a practical test. In reply to the child's acknowledgment that he desired to be a musician, the master said, "Ah, but you do not know what that means! To be a musician amounts to nothing in the world."

And the boy of thirteen threw back his head and cried—cannot you almost see him?—"What, monsieur! is it nothing to be a Mozart, a Rossini?"

Whereupon the master, strongly moved, gave him some verses, bidding him set them to music. The words were the song of Joseph, "*A peine sortir de l'enfance.*" During the recreation hour Charles accomplished the congenial task and hurried to the principal. The controversy which ensued over the piano accompaniment, and the boy's final triumph, when Monsieur Poirson, with tears in his eyes, embraced the youth, saying, "Go on, my child, with your music," is one of the most charming passages in the narrative.

There is a brilliant discourse on the art of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and others, of whom he was so well qualified to speak, while his comments on the compositions of Mozart and Mendelssohn are replete with a delicate and captivating freedom. The book is a great pleasure, for it shows us not only a great and devoted artist, but a sane, well-balanced, and lovable man. The binding is unique and appropriate, and Miss Crocker is to be congratulated upon the fidelity of her translation.

THE WHITE SNAKE, AND OTHER POEMS. Translated from the German into the original metres by Madison Cawein. With photogravure of the translator. Louisville, Kentucky: John P. Morton & Co. $2.00 net.

On heavy antique paper, and bound richly in red and gold, we are given the poems which Madison Cawein has elected to translate from the German of Mirza, Shaffy, Geibel, Heine, Uhland, and Goethe. Mr. Cawein, a poet and scholar of whom the South is justly proud, has retained in his English renditions, as nearly as possible, the original metres. This lends additional value to the work.

*The White Snake*, from which the book takes its name, is a conceit of Geibel's; and a very vivid and remarkable picture

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we have of the gruff old Sir Stojan, "he who was his son's destroyer." Certainly no one but a German would have conjured this gruesome and powerful thing, and worked it out in a form so entirely at peace with the theme.

Goethe is represented by a short passage between the Emperor and Mephistopheles, from the second part of *Faust*. One of the prettiest and most touching things in the book is Uhland's "The Harvester," but to many the most fascinating selections will undoubtedly be those from Heine. His airy touch, weirdness and quaint power of stirring people into rhythmic life are all faithfully portrayed.

THE LEGEND OF AULUS. By Flora MacDonald Shearer. William Doxey: San Francisco.

The title poem can hardly be called great, though it has many fine lines, and some interest from being founded on a sketch in the *Gesta Romanorum*. Of the rest, "Ballades, Sonnets, and other Verses," that go to make up the book, "The Ballade of Charity" is especially good.

The writer is a Scotch woman—Flora MacDonald—and one of the very best things she has done in this volume is called "The Isle of Skye." To one who has lived in and loved Scotland, and especially to those born among her bleak and purple hills, these lines must appeal.

> The dream returns, I have my wish,
> I see Dunvegan's Hall;
> The moon sleeps fair on Grishornish,
> I hear the boatmen call.
> And it's O for a nook in a broomy dell,
> Where the thyme its balm distils,
> And the rich, rare smell of the heather bell
> That grows on the Highland hills.

CHARLES XII. By R. Nisbet Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

We note with pleasure Mr. Nisbet Bain's gradually rising reputation as a Scandinavian scholar. This biography of the Lion of the North, which we briefly acknowledged in our last number, is a fresh and important contribution to literature. Mr. Nisbet Bain has followed the best available Swedish monographs in the purely historical and political portions, while going to original documents for the private conduct and personal character of his hero. Of Charles XII. he has formed a high estimate. He thinks that, intellectually, he was very highly gifted, and had many of the qualities of a great ruler. Still, he was extraordinary rather than great, or, at least, if he was great, it was as a hero rather than as a ruler. He was a man of strong domestic affection, of decided religious feeling, though his religious views during the later portion of his life took a strong touch of fatalism. He believed in a theory of alternating cycles of good and bad luck, saying, "In times of war, unlucky events must occasionally happen in order that luck may have freer course." In all his correspondence there is not a single allusion to his own marvellous and innumerable exploits, though he is always lavish in his praise of others. However angry he might be, a hasty or violent expression never once escaped his pen. We have found this a most entertaining work, and it thoroughly well sustains the deserved reputation of the Heroes of the Nations Series.

ETIDORHPA; OR, THE END OF THE EARTH: A Strange History of a Mysterious Being and the Account of a Remarkable Journey, as Communicated in Manuscript to Llewellyn Drury, who promised to print the same, but finally evaded the responsibility, which was assumed by John Uri Lloyd. Cincinnati, O.: The Robert Clarke Company. $2.00.

The foregoing is the cabalistic title and oracular purport of a work by Mr. John Uri Lloyd, of Cincinnati, O., who is widely known for his book on *The Chemistry of Medicines*, for his treatise on elixirs, and for many sterling papers that have appeared in the pharmaceutical journals of this country on percolation and kindred practical scientific subjects.

The author himself best sets forth the character of his latest volume in his letter to the recipients of the author's edition:

"One whose study of the material has to himself discredited materialism, and who sees in every form of matter a marvel inexplainable; who considers fact to be as strange as fiction, and that things visible are but verses in God's wonder-book; who believes a fairy story to be not less true than many visions scientific; . . . who believes that force and spirit are neither less real one than the other, and that matter is not more substantial than either; who loves the mysterious and the beautiful, and sees mystery and beauty in all visible structures and in all possible thought crea-

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tions ; . . . who questions if enthusiasm intense is far separated from sarcasm deep ; who believes that the cynic is often far more of an educator than the sage ; . . . should not, in the record that follows, attempt to differentiate between history and romance, fact and fiction, speculation and science, sarcasm, ignorance, and irony."

The book is very sumptuous, and is enriched by illustrations that represent the flight of the artist's and of the author's fancy into the ever unconquerable yet ever obedient realm of the unknown ; and the entire limited first edition was bespoken in advance.

CURIOSITIES OF OLDEN TIMES. By S. Baring Gould. New York : Thomas Whittaker. $1.50.

We have here a little of everything, from the grotesque and gruesome to the comic and the pathetic. The author thinks he has discovered the origin of mourning in the effort of primitive people to escape annoyance from visits of the ghosts of the departed. Mourning, which originally consisted in smearing the body with coloured pigments or in shaving the head, was a disguise designed to prevent provoking spirits from recognising their late friends. In the chapter on "Queer Culprits," who are chiefly ghosts, a rather queer mistake occurs for one so skilled as Mr. Baring Gould in antiquarian lore. He speaks of "the witch persecutions under the Quakers, Increase and Cotton Mather." If anything could bring back the ghosts of these Puritan worthies from the other world, it would be to hear themselves called "Quakers." Beware, Mr. Baring Gould !

The wit which enlivens these curious stories is not their least recommendation. It is a question, however, whether such exposure of the follies of our ancestors may not have a bad effect upon us nineteenth-century folk by nourishing our already well-developed bump of self esteem.

STUDIES IN THEOLOGIC DEFINITION. By Frederick Palmer. New York : E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

Mr. Palmer is indeed versatile. Who would suspect, in looking at the title of this book, that fourteen original and very taking pieces of poetry—"Interludes," the author calls them—were tucked in between these remarkably well-written though rather metaphysical chapters on theology ! Another surprise is in store for him who reads far enough. When he comes to the tenth chapter, instead of a continuation of the philosophic discussion he will find something else—namely, an examination of the several Protestant religious bodies as to their recognition of the principles already laid down, and a lawyer-like plea for the Protestant Episcopal Church as the only one which is not found wanting.

We have, then, in this small but very bright volume poetry, polemics, and theology ; and it must be confessed that the mixture has been compounded into a very seductive prescription. Perhaps an added piquancy may be found in the Appendix, where the author takes the Andover School of Progressive Orthodoxy to task. He charges them with losing the courage of their convictions and with consequent failure to reach the logical conclusion from their principles which Mr. Palmer would say is that "Christ is the spiritual conception of humanity," and therefore all that is good in the world everywhere and at all times is the expression of Christ in men. This is the central position of the author. To some it may seem a sort of Christian pantheism ; but he has worked out his thought with loving care and skill, and those who cannot accept his definitions as conclusive or correct will find much that is suggestive and helpful in what he says.

IN NEW ENGLAND FIELDS AND WOODS. By Rowland E. Robinson. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Mr. Robinson rambles with the pleasant egoism of the solitary through fields and woods, and vouchsafes us the riches of "the harvest of a quiet eye," as of one who has had privileges from nature while enjoying a close intimacy with her during the year. Privilege, indeed, is written all over his charming observations and refreshing comments on out-of-door life, and makes those of us who are proscribed to live in town or city feel more keenly the poverty of our urban life. The series of short sketches which compose the book, on the birds, animals, and flowers common to each season, are linked together by a smoothly flowing diction which is marked by a delicacy of tone and purity of expression.

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JOURNAL OF A SPY IN PARIS DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR, 1794. By Raoul Hesdin. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

This very curious and interesting book purports to be a fragment of the diary of one of Mr. Pitt's agents in Paris during eight months of the Reign of Terror. It throws strange and vivid sidelights on the lurid drama of famine and blood which the writer describes. Nothing is said in the preface to explain where the diary was discovered, or why it has not been previously published; but the anonymous editor has supplied careful notes of elucidation and correction. It is pretty generally believed that this book is a very clever literary imposture, and to this belief we ourselves seriously incline.

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## BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

A pleasant surprise in the remaking of old books comes in the welcome shape of the first volume of a new edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, from Messrs. Macmillan and Company. The work is to be issued in seven volumes, and is edited with introduction, notes, appendices, and index by Mr. Bury, of Trinity College, Dublin. The present volume contains an excellent map of the Roman Empire in 180 A.D., and in the Introduction we have an illustration, by comparison of various passages placed in parallel columns selected from the first and second editions, of the attention which he paid to the appreciation of style. Gibbon's place in literature is as high as in that of history; but as an historian he needs emendation and revision, and thus the necessity for historical purposes of a carefully prepared edition. And if Gibbon had his limitations, these are more than compensated for in his grasp on the unity of history and in the singularly happy union of the historian and the man of letters; indeed, we do not deplore these limitations, for they were the conditions of his great achievement. The excellence of the paper, type, and binding are worthy of mention in this new edition, and for lightness the book is a mere featherweight in the hand. (Price, $2.00.)

*In a Walled Garden*, by Bessie Rayner Belloc, also published by the Macmillans ($1.75), is composed of pleasant chats about eminent persons she has met, or not having met, has known more intimately than was our privilege. These persons are chiefly women—George Eliot, Mrs. Jameson, Mary Howitt, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Adelaide Procter, Mrs. Booth, and so on. Of George Eliot she says that from first to last she was "the living incarnation of English dissent. She had 'chapel' written in every line of the thoughtful, somewhat severe face."——From the same publishers we have the "Inferno" of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, rendered in the nine-line metre of Spenser by George Musgrave, which the author expects to follow with the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso" before long ($1.50); *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey*, two stories of Thomas Love Peacock's in one volume of the Illustrated Standard Novels Series, with illustrations by H. R. Millar and an Introduction by George Saintsbury ($1.25); *The Shadow on the Blind*, a volume of ghost stories by Mrs. Alfred Baldwin, with some fine pen-and-ink drawings by way of illustration ($1.50), and in the Novelists' Library, *A Tale of a Lonely Parish*, by F. Marion Crawford. (Paper, 50 cents.) Another of the dainty volumes in the People's Edition of Tennyson has just been published, containing "Enoch Arden," "Aylmer's Field," and "Lucretius" (45 cents); and the latest addition to the Lyric Poets, edited by Ernest Rhys, is the lyrics of Thomas Campion, a poet of the sixteenth century who wrote as a musician, and whose songs, so perfect in natural warmth of word, charm, and inspiration, were really meant to be sung ($1.00).

From Messrs. Roberts Brothers we have received Balzac's *The Gallery of Antiquities* in Miss Wormeley's translation, now well-nigh completed, of this author's work ($1.50).——Professor Moulton's long-promised *Literary Study of the Bible* is now published by Messrs. D. C. Heath and Company. The book is an account of the leading forms of literature represented in the sacred writings; and its plan is to enable the student to "distinguish one literary composition from another, to say exactly where each begins and ends; to recognise epic, lyric, and other forms as they appear in their biblical dress, as well as to distinguish literary forms special to the sacred writers." The whole works

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up to what the author calls a "Literary Index of the Bible."——The Messrs. Harper have added two more volumes to their substantial library edition of Thomas Hardy's novels, namely, *The Trumpet-Major* and *The Woodlanders*. From the same firm we have *The Critical Handbook of the Greek New Testament*, by E. C. Mitchell, D.D., which will be valuable not only for its view of the authenticity of the New Testament, but for the scholarly and thorough treatment in cataloguing manuscripts, and as a comprehensive work of library reference.——Messrs. Way and Williams publish a small edition in this country of a reprint of Stoddart's *Death-Wake*, written in 1830, with an Introduction by Andrew Lang ($1.50 net); also a collection of papers originally printed in *The Dial*, by William Morton Payne, under the title *Little Leaders* ($1.50). Both books are daintily bound and beautifully printed.——*Esther, a Young Man's Tragedy, together with the Love Sonnets of Proteus*, by Wilfred Scawin Blunt, is published by Messrs. Copeland and Day in handsome squaremo, uniform with the volume of Rossetti's sonnets which the same firm published about two years ago. Each page contains one sonnet printed in clear black type with decorative initial letters, and the book is likely to be one which collectors will prize ($3.00).——In the Green Carnation Library, published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, the following volumes have made their appearance: *The Gypsy Christ*, by William Sharp; *Black Spirits and White*, by Ralph Adams Cram; *The Gods Give my Donkey Wings*, by Angus Evan Abbott, and *The Sin-Eater and other Tales and Episodes*, by Fiona Macleod. The only remarkable volume among these is the last mentioned, and Miss Macleod's work is well worth reading. No writer has yet caught the Celtic note of the dwellers in the Scottish Highlands as she has done. There is an indescribable charm in the weird, wailing music of the Gael as it is interpreted by this new writer. ($1.00 per volume.) *Me an' Methuselar and other Episodes* is a collection of cleverly written sketches, by Harriet Ford, very dramatically rendered and intended for recitation, and published by the Peter Paul Book Company.

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# THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

## EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1896.

Publications during February exceeded those of January, the increase immediately after the first of the month being very noticeable. Works on numerous subjects were issued, but fiction easily outnumbered all others combined.

The sales in text-books continued heavy during the opening days of the month, but have now fallen to their normal standard. Library business has been large all through the month, and there are still being received numerous orders and lists to be priced.

Valentines caused a small flurry in the middle of the month, but did not add much to the total sales. The publishers are showing Easter goods similar to those of previous years; nothing of especial note, however, has yet been seen.

The customary call for European Guide books has commenced. *Baedeker's* continues to be the standard. The new editions of *The Satchel Guide* and Cassell's *Pocket Guide* are not yet ready.

In paper-bound books nothing remarkable has been published recently, and the season can hardly be said to have fully opened. *Mrs. Romney*, by Rosa Nouchette Carey, in Lippincott's series, and *The Crime of the Century*, by Rodrigues Ottolenqui, in Putnam's series, and an old favourite, *Chimmie Fadden*, have been the best sellers.

The demand for *A House Boat on the Styx*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, and *A Social Highwayman* is increasing. The Library of Useful Knowledge, a series of small hand-books on scientific subjects, recently brought out by D. Appleton & Co., has proved a very successful venture, the various numbers selling readily as issued and continuing in popularity.

*Regeneration*, a reply to Nordau's *Degeneration*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is having a fair sale, and this book, together with *The Life, Letters and Works of Louis Agassiz*, by Jules Marcon, and *Criminal Sociology*, by E. Ferri, are among the leading publications of the month outside of fiction.

*Comedies of Courtship*, by Anthony Hope, *Cameos*, by Marie Corelli, *Exploits of Brigadier Gerard*, by A. Conan Doyle, and *Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America*, by Richard Harding Davis, are among the new books of the month which are meeting with a moderate sale, and which still have a chance to increase as their publication becomes better known.

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Among the books being published as the month closes for which large sales are expected are *Stephen: A Soldier of the Cross*, by Florence M. Kingsley; *A Woman Intervenes*, by Robert Barr, and *A Lady of Quality*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Reports and sales indicate a light business with the retailers in the city for the past month, while country trade has only been fair, the orders for school book and library purposes being the redeeming features.

The popular books of the month in demand were as follows:

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. $1.00.

Cameos. By Marie Corelli. $1.00.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.

The Bachelor's Christmas. By Robert Grant. $1.50.

A Social Highwayman. By Elizabeth Phipps Wain. 75 cts.

Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy. $1.75.

Mrs. Romney. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

The Men of the Moss-Hags. By S. R. Crockett. $1 50.

What is Worth While. By Anna Robertson Brown. 35 cts.

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## WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 2, 1896.

The record of business done during February shows that the early spring trade is in as good a condition as can be expected, sales having been steady and the general demand fairly good. Business ran very much along the same lines as in January, and while no particular class of books met with more than ordinary success, the call for miscellaneous books was very good. A good business was done in valentines, and it would seem, judging from the increase that each year shows in the sales, that the custom of sending valentines, instead of being on the wane, is becoming more fashionable. At this time of writing there seems to be, among the trade, a more hopeful and confident feeling everywhere, in respect to forthcoming business, than there was a month ago, and we think we are, in view of this, warranted in saying that business is certainly more promising than it was at the last report.

Owing to the general nature of the business done, February sales were almost devoid of special incident. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* was again the book most called for. Since the publication of his latest work, Mr. James Lane Allen has greatly grown in public favour, and the lively demand for *A Kentucky Cardinal* and its second part, *Aftermath*, is quite a leading feature of current trade.

Publishers were active last month, and several books appeared that take leading places in the month's sales. The most important were Conan Doyle's *Exploits of Brigadier Gerard*, *Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America*, by Richard Harding Davis—a very timely book—and Anthony Hope's *Comedies of Courtship*. Other important books were: *The Day of Their Wedding*, by W. D. Howells; *Cameos*, by Marie Corelli; *Studies in the Thought World*, by Henry Wood; *Bayard Taylor* in the American Men of Letters Series, and *Regeneration*, a reply to *Degeneration*, which is having a very fair call.

That there are many people outside of the ranks of faith-healers, Christian Scientists, and others of that ilk, who are interested in the ultimate triumph of mind over matter, is pretty thoroughly attested by the phenomenal success of Horace Fletcher's *Menticulture; or, the A B C of True Living*, which is being very widely read for a work of its class.

Sales of technical and scientific books are improving a little, and a very strong demand is being manifested for books on mining and assaying. Gold mining is most in favour at present, it appears, and nearly all the various books on gold, and the processes of mining and extracting the same from the ore, are selling well.

People like to be amused evidently, as Mr. Bangs's latest effort, *A House Boat on the Styx*, is selling in a way that bids fair soon to equal his famous *Coffee and Repartee*.

Sales of Eugene Field's books are still good, and the much-talked about *Life of Cardinal Manning*, by E. D. Purcell, is meeting with a great deal more attention than is usually accorded to a work of its class. The various lines of cheap twelvemos and sixteenmos are also selling remarkably well, considering the season. The following books sold best in actual numbers last month:

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 12mo, $1.25, and 16mo, 25 cts.

The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Eugene Field. $1.25.

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

Aftermath. By James Lane Allen. $1.00.

Menticulture; or, the A B C of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

Studies in the Thought World. By Henry Wood. $1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

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A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.

Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

## ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, January 20th to February 22d, 1896.

The rush for school books is now over, and on all sides satisfactory reports are made. Each year educational works are more carefully printed and bound, while, so far as the matter is concerned, that seems more than ever simplified. Surely learning should now be much easier than it was twenty-five years since!

Foreign and colonial business has become less active, after a brisk fortnight at the commencement of the period under treatment.

The season for outdoor studies is now approaching, and already works on botany and natural history are being stocked. Since various measures passed for the protection of wild birds have come into force, there is a smaller sale of boys' books on nests and eggs. With this exception, the scientific study of natural history is as popular as ever, and a new edition of Morris's *Butterflies* and the same author's *Birds* have been well received. Books on birds are always welcomed.

The stir caused by the state of affairs in Armenia has produced a goodly number of pamphlets, each popular for a day or two until its successor appears. The book of the moment is Slatin Pasha's account of his experiences in the Sudan.

Lent literature is now selling freely. Simultaneously, fiction appears to drop for about a fortnight, and then to resume its old place. Is it because two weeks of Lenten reading are all that can be borne by the average intellect?

Notwithstanding sundry heart-burnings, the productions of the Poet Laureate, especially those more recently published, are much read, or, at least, are purchased, which is all the bookseller can be expected to trouble himself about. Many booksellers now post up in their shops or libraries "The Bulletin of New Books." From reports received this practice appears to be answering the purpose suggested in this column some time since, viz., to make the bookseller's shop the resort of those of literary tastes.

Among magazines and serial issues the most noticeable addition is *The Navy and Army Illustrated*. Its sale is very extensive. *Chambers's Journal*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Sunday at Home*, and all the old favourites maintain their popularity and perpetual youth.

Appended is a list of the leading books of the month:

Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By R. C. Slatin Pasha. 21s. net.

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. 6s.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

Mistress Dorothy Marvin By J. C. Snaith. 6s.

Sweetheart Travellers. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. 6s.

The Creed of the Christian. By C. Gore. 1s. 6d.

Dictionary of Phrase and Fable. By E. C. Brewer. 10s. 6d.

The Garden that I Love. By A. Austin.

In Veronica's Garden. By A. Austin. 9s.

The Life of the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain. By S. H. Jeyes. 3s. 6d.

Plea for Simpler Life. By G. S Keith. 2s. 6d.

The Village Watch Tower. By Kate D. Wiggin. 3s. 6d.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.

John Halifax. By Mrs. Craik. 3s. 6d.

The Homes and Haunts of Carlyle. 2s. 6d.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. 2s. 6d. net. and 3s. net.

For His Sake. Elsie Marshall. 2s.

Absolute Surrender. By Andrew Murray. 2s. 6d.

Encyclopædia of Gardening. By T. W. Saunders. 3s. 6d.

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between February 1 and March 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

### NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
2. Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)

### NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
2. The House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. The Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
4. Red Republic. By Chambers. $1.25. (Putnam.)
5. Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Jude the Obscure. By Hardy. $1.75. (Harper.)

### ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By Doyle. $1.00. (Appleton.)
3. Wrong Man. By Gerard. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
4. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
5. Red Republic. By Chambers. $1.25. (Putnam.)
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